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Without meaning to dwell on this point, there is one light, in which I would present it to you, somewhat striking. So rapid has been our increase, that the number of persons of European descent now living on the surface of these United States, is greater than the whole aggregate number of the dead of all generations of the same race, that lie buried beneath it. Surprising as this may seem, it is capable of mathematical demonstration, and this in a form so simple, that I will venture to state it even here. Taking a generation to be the period, during which as many persons die as existed at its commencement, and supposing the population to be exactly doubled in the period of a single generation ; begin your settlement with one thousand inhabitants. At the end of the first generation you have one thousand dead, and two thousand living. At the end of the second generation you add the same number, two thousand, to both, making three thousand dead and four thousand living, which last number you add to both at the end of the third generation ; and as you add at the end of each generation the same number, that is, the number living at its commencement, both to the dead and to the living, the difference between them will always remain the same, and the living will always exceed the dead by the number with which you began. Now this is on the supposition, that the population exactly doubles in the period of one generation. But our population is found to increase much faster. It doubles in less than twenty-four years, and has

done so from the beginning, so that in fact the number of the living far, very far, exceeds the whole mighty congregation of the dead. As long as the same rate of increase shall continue, and nothing has hitherto checked it, this will always be so, and the child that opens its eyes to the light this day, and lives to see old age, will close them on an empire of one hundred and seventy millions of people. Should our institutions, therefore, be henceforth successfully administered, it will no longer be objected, that the population is too small for a satisfactory experiment.

Neither can it be said, that we are too poor or too inconsiderable in any other respect, since the wealth and resources of the country have increased even faster than its population. Had they increased only as fast and maintained the same relative proportion, the condition of individuals in every class would remain unaltered, whereas it is in fact very much changed for the better; and when you take into consideration the value of the improvements of every kind, private and public, the difference is beyond calculation. Our progress in manufactures, and the useful arts, in every department of commerce, in facilities for intercourse with our fellow men, whether for purposes of business, pleasure or instruction, has been no less unexampled. And if men do not think faster, yet the interchange of thought is far more rapid and more extensive, and most of the results of thought are sooner produced and more widely and speedily dif-



fused, so that if the length of human life is to be measured, not by the succession of day and night, nor by the recurrence of mere physical wants, but by what may be accomplished in it for our own improvement or for the good of others, our lives almost rival those of the Patriarchs.

Here let me pause, and ask you to estimate, if you can, to weigh well the duties incumbent upon those, to whose hands all the happiness and all the hopes of such a nation running such a career are directly and entirely committed. Even though it were to be utterly secluded from the rest of the world, and to have no influence by its example, but to prosper or perish unnoticed and unknown by other nations, even in that case the responsibility were enough. How much more then, when the execution of this trust is at the same time a great experiment, the result of which is to have an incalculable influence on the progress of liberty throughout Europe, and on the prosperity of the whole human race?

Such is the task assigned to the rising generation in America, so momentous in itself, so extensive, I may say universal in its consequences. It is a reflection at once solemn and encouraging, which should excite their hopes of success as well as increase their sense of responsibility, that no similar undertaking has ever been entered on with so many circumstances favorable to its accomplishment.

A few of these circumstances, especially such as are peculiar to us, may deserve a moment's atten-



tion. Most of the States, from their first settlement, had been accustomed to manage each its own internal concerns, with almost entire freedom, and this long experience in self-government is certainly of no little utility. Moreover, no such distinction of classes ever existed among us, as to leave any permanent divisions in society, so that our present system is perfectly consentaneous with all our social institutions, feelings, habits and usages; a fact highly important, when we consider how many generations are requisite to eradicate a deep-seated prejudice from the hearts of a people, or even to remove the traces of any thing peculiar in its manners. How many years was it in England, after all ground for the popular dread of Catholic power had ceased, before that dread could be so far subdued, as to permit the repeal of laws, which enlightened men had long regarded as disgraceful to their country? And how many little peculiarities still exist among ourselves, which can be traced back to the days of our puritan fathers?

Our present strength, combined with our geographical position, places us altogether beyond the apprehension of any foreign aggression or interference, by which our political system could be in the slightest degree endangered. And the vast extent and fertility of our unsettled country, capable of affording all, who choose to seek it there, an abundant subsistence, tend greatly to diminish that accumulation of abject poverty in crowded cities, which is the fruitful parent of ignorance and crime, always

the most fatal enemies of freedom. Such, too, are our habits and character, our soil and climate, our laws for the distribution of property, and all the other circumstances of our social condition, that almost every individual either actually possesses some property, or has the power and the expectation of soon acquiring it ; and of course has a direct interest in maintaining law and order, and in repressing that license, which is equally destructive of all such hopes and possessions, from the greatest to the least. The wonderful facilities for mutual intercourse, which belong to our age, though not exclusively to our country, and which are constantly increasing, tend also to favour the diffusion of correct information and sound opinions, and to promote that respect for each others sentiments, that regard for each others interest, those connexions, of family, of friendship, and of business, and those thousand other nameless ties, which are bonds of union lighter than air, yet stronger than adamant.

Another advantage peculiar to us, is the distribution of power between the nation and the states, conferring on the former all that is requisite for the regulation of our foreign affairs and the promotion of the general welfare, and leaving to the latter, under certain necessary restrictions, the management of their own concerns. This is an extension of our ancient practice of allowing towns and parishes, with certain limitations, to regulate their own affairs, and rests on the great principle, which lies at the foundation of civil liberty, that every

man and every lawful association of men have the right to govern their exclusive concerns, entirely according to their own will and pleasure, so far as this can be done without putting at hazard the safety or the rights of others.

It is true, that these various subdivisions of power, and the checks and balances necessary to enforce them, require many and complex laws, but these are necessary to secure our liberties. Under a despotic government, in any state of society, few laws are necessary. The will of the sovereign is the law, and as cases arise, he may decide them in favour of which party he pleases. But this is favour, not justice. So a free people, in a very rude state of society, having few wants to be supplied, few interests to be protected, few trusts or contracts of any kind, require but few laws. But the innumerable wants, and interests, and pursuits, and engagements in a civilized community, absolutely demand numerous, various and minute provisions of law to guard them beforehand, on all sides, from violence or fraud; for to leave them unprotected is anarchy, and to determine questions concerning them, not according to previous law, but by subsequent arbitrary decision, is despotism. Civilization and liberty cannot dwell together under a code of few and simple laws, and if the attempt thus to unite them be made and persisted in, one or both must perish.

The practice of delegating the power of legislation to representatives chosen by the people, instead



of passing laws, as in the petty states of Greece, in the primary assemblies of the people themselves, though quite essential to the security of rational liberty, is not peculiar to us. But the plan of imposing limitations on the power of the legislature itself, and the manner in which we enforce those limitations, so as to compel its submission to them, are entirely our own. In other countries, the legislative power is unlimited. The phrase in England is, that Parliament is omnipotent ; and accordingly it may alter or contravene Magna Charta and all the other securities of English liberty at pleasure. The political system of France is peculiar to that country. Its theory is that the legislature cannot alter the charter, which is their constitution ; but if a law directly repugnant to it be in fact passed, it is the duty of the king and of all magistrates to enforce the law in spite of the constitution ; so that in practice, the legislative power is no more restrained there than in England. With us, the constitution is paramount to the law, and is designed to impose effectual limitations on the legislative body. After all, if the legislature were allowed to interpret the constitution for itself, and thus to determine the extent of its own authority, no constitutional provisions could afford any security against its invasion of private rights. Whatever powers it should choose to exercise, it would be sure to find in the constitution. We, therefore, hold any law repugnant to the constitution to be utterly void, and accordingly there is established, by

the constitution itself, a judiciary with full power to decide, whenever a law affecting any individual is called in question by him, whether that law is compatible with the constitution, and so valid, or repugnant to it, and so void; and in the latter case, to refuse to enforce it. Thus, in this country, and here only in all the world, are private rights protected against the encroachments even of the legislature itself.

If, notwithstanding these peculiar advantages, this great experiment, to which the friends of liberty every where are now looking as conclusive, should be found by them to fail within a single generation after they began to make it their study, it would stifle their hopes and paralyze their efforts, and retard the progress of the good cause perhaps for centuries. And we see nothing to encourage the expectation, that a similar experiment will ever again be made, here or elsewhere, under more favorable auspices.

If, on the contrary, it should be carried on with success for the period I have mentioned, its advantages will be by that time so fully developed, and it will inspire such universal respect and confidence, that the people will look on it with a gratitude, affection and pride, that can hardly fail to make it perpetual. Nor can it be doubted that, within that time, other nations, influenced by our example, will catch and foster the sacred spark of liberty, so that, if our light should subsequently be quenched, new beacons will then be already kindled for the guid-



ance of those who shall still remain in darkness. At any rate, it will stand recorded in history forever, and the friends of liberty throughout the world, whether oppressed or triumphant, will, in all future time, look back to those by whom her cause was thus sustained, in the very crisis of its fate, with admiration and gratitude ; and will rise up and call them blessed.

And well will they deserve their fame, for their path is beset with dangers, and we see on all sides causes of anxiety and alarm as to the fate of our political institutions. It is not, perhaps, so much the magnitude of any one of these dangers, though many of them are great, as their union, number and frequency, which should excite apprehension. One perversion of the constitution does not abrogate it, nor one abuse subvert the government, nor one triumph of demagogues subjugate the people, nor one menace dissolve the union, nor one breach of private or of public faith annihilate all credit, nor one act of lawlessness produce anarchy. But when we see all these things taking place together and frequently, and recollect that every repetition facilitates their recurrence, we may well tremble for our country. And is not this now the case ? Is not, in the first place, is not the constitution constantly perverted by fanciful theories, which would defeat the most important securities of our liberty ? Let me mention one only, but one pregnant with mischief.

One of the greatest of these securities is the authority of the supreme judiciary to decide con-



clusively, and in the last resort, on the constitutionality of all laws brought into question before it, so that such decision shall be binding on every department of the government. This is the only possible security against the assumption, by the legislature, of despotic power. Its effect is to prevent their determining the extent of their own authority, and to compel them to keep within the limits of the constitution. When the judiciary, invested as it is, by the constitution, the act of the people, with that exclusive power, decides on the constitutionality of a law, that decision is the will of the people constitutionally expressed, and neither Congress, nor any other department, has a right to dispute it. And yet we have seen such decisions again and again disputed, both in Congress and by chief magistrates, on the absurd ground, that as they are sworn to support the constitution, they are bound in conscience to support it according to their own understanding of its meaning; an argument, which would equally apply to every national or even state officer, since all take the like oath, and would authorize a petty constable to refuse obedience to the mandate of the courts, unless his private judgment coincided with theirs as to the meaning of the constitution. The real obligation imposed by this oath is to support the constitution as constitutionally interpreted, and the only constitutional interpreter is the judiciary. In cases of doubt not yet decided by it, the officer must, indeed of necessity, act according to his own best judgment. But he does so at his peril, and if

it be subsequently determined, that his judgment was erroneous, he has, through mistake, violated his duty.

Adopt the opposite doctrine, and since there is manifestly no other tribunal competent to decide such questions, it necessarily follows, that every constitutional doubt that sophistry can devise, must remain a moot point forever ; and the constitution, instead of deriving, as all other laws do, certainty and stability from judicial decisions, and thus growing stronger and stronger with age, will become weaker and weaker as such doubts are multiplied, till at length, instead of being a system of rules defining the structure and powers of the government, it will cease to define any thing, and be an incoherent mass of doubt, uncertainty, and confusion.

As to the abuses of the government, their name is legion. One of its chief duties is to establish a uniform currency : yet by its capricious legislation, all uniformity is destroyed, and the currency of the country brought into a state of almost inextricable confusion. Its duty is to provide for the general welfare, yet the laws affecting the occupations and the industry of the whole people, which ought, above all things, to be fixed and stable, are kept perpetually fluctuating. It would be superfluous, as well as endless, to enumerate abuses in detail, when we see rulers, with the public good always on their lips, evincing no regard for it in their practice, nor any other motive than greediness for

office and spoil, and trampling, without hesitation, on the interests of the public in their struggles to triumph over some rival;—when we see chief magistrates, in gross violation of their highest and peculiar duty, “to take care that the laws are faithfully executed,” labouring “indirectly and directly, too,” to defeat their operation;—when we see the lessons of experience altogether unheeded, and experiment after experiment made upon the prosperity of the country, till it seems likely to suffer the fate of the poor Italian, on whose tombstone it was written, “I was quite well, but would get better, and got here.”

It might perhaps be presumed, that since in a perfectly free government, the whole power is ultimately vested in the people, it would be exercised only for the good of the people. And if they were so enlightened as always to understand their true interests, and so firm and upright as not to sacrifice them to the temptation of the moment, the fact would accord with this presumption. But this is not the case. They are not only liable to err, as they are men, but peculiarly so, as they are sovereign. The demagogue, who seeks office or power, omits no flattery, no falsehood, no intrigue, no deception, no appeal to passion or prejudice, for his own aggrandizement. Some plausible but false theory, some specious name, some popular watchword, some maxim, true perhaps in one sense, but not so in the sense in which he uses it; these are the false lights he holds out to lure the people to



their ruin. In this way the ballot box itself, the great remedy designed to cure all the abuses of government, is made to aggravate and perpetuate them.

It may be worth while to sift one of these specious doctrines, and see how a proposition, perfectly just and true in itself, may be so perverted and misapplied, as to produce incalculable mischief, and to defeat the very object it professes to accomplish. Let us take one of the most ancient, the most common, and the most mischievous of them all, which has deluded multitudes for centuries; the maxim that all men are born equal, and the deduction from it, that in a free country, they ought to be kept equal in every respect.

It is true, that in a free country all men are born with equal legal rights, and this equality ought always to be maintained. It is no less true, that men every where have by nature an equal right to exercise all the faculties and to enjoy all the blessings, which a beneficent Providence has given them; and this precious equality ought never to be invaded. But it is not true, that all men are born with equal health and strength of body, and they cannot be made equal in this respect in any other mode, than by reducing them all to the level of the feeblest. You cannot give the cripple the giant's strength to produce equality, you can only cripple the giant. So it is with the faculties of the mind. Give them free scope, and there will be an immense difference in the attainments of different

men, and you can make them equal only by preventing them all from acquiring any thing ; and in both cases, for the sake of establishing an equality of misery, you violate their equal right to exercise their natural powers, for the attainment of happiness.

It is the same with property. If all men were made equal and kept equal in this respect, all would be entirely impoverished. No one could make any use of his property. I could hire no man's services, for as soon as he had rendered them, he must return his pay to re-establish the equality of our property. I can buy no food, for all know that as soon as I have eaten it, I must have the price back again to restore the equilibrium. But our reformer perhaps would not keep up this equality, but having once made his distribution, would let things take their old course, and inequality be reestablished. This is clearly a violation of his own principle, and gives his proposition the air of a scheme for present plunder, rather than for the maintenance of a natural right ; for if property ought to be equalized at one time, by virtue of any such right, it ought to be so at all times. But whatever might be the reformer's design, after one distribution, every man would apprehend another, and of course would take good care to be in the position of a receiver from the general fund rather than a contributor to it, i. e. he would produce no more than he could consume, before the distribution should take place ; and thus the whole community would live, as the phrase is,

from hand to mouth, without resource for seasons of unexpected calamity, and be involved in universal poverty, with the constant danger of famine.

The compulsory equality of property would stifle all exertion, for who would do more than procure a bare subsistence from day to day, if certain that whatever he might acquire would not be for his own peculiar benefit, nor for that of those, whose interests are dear to him as his own ; but would be scattered like the rain from heaven, on the evil and the good, and operate as a direct bounty for the promotion of indolence ? It is then mainly for the encouragement of labour, of bodily and mental labour, that property should be made secure. Their interests are inseparable. It is impossible to protect labour without protecting property. And it is no less true, that it is impossible to protect property effectually, without protecting labour. What indeed is property but the fruit of labour ? Destroy the fruit, and where is the object or the probability of the existence of the tree ? Destroy the tree, and farewell to the fruit.

A perfect equality of condition is as undesirable as it is unattainable. The infinite diversity, which exists in our faculties, in our attainments, in our possessions, this it is and this alone, that enables us to render each other those mutual aids, and to make those mutual interchanges, which bind society together as with hoops of steel, and form the grand secret of all its improvement and all its happiness.

There is indeed a kind of equality, which may



be wisely and honestly aimed at, an equal and constant improvement in the social condition of all men ; and this can be attained only by rendering property perfectly secure, and thus affording the greatest possible stimulus and reward to ingenuity, enterprize, skill and industry. These, when thus stimulated, tend continually to extend and improve the sciences and the useful arts, so as to multiply and cheapen their productions, and thus to bring them within the reach of all men.

The operation of this principle will be shown in the most striking manner, by comparing distant periods of time. There is not one among us, who is not better sheltered from the inclemency of the weather at all seasons, more comfortably clad, and supplied with food more wholesome and with physick less unwholesome, than the greatest sovereigns of Europe three hundred years ago. We do not indeed wear intertissued robes of gold and pearl, but we wear garments much more conducive to health and to comfort ; and this difference extends from the least of our daily conveniences to our highest intellectual wants. A fork to eat with at the dinner table is now indispensable in the poorest dwelling, and the want of one would be deemed a hardship even in an alms-house — yet to Queen Elizabeth and to all her royal predecessors, it was a luxury unknown ; and they had no other fork than their fingers. Less than three centuries ago, in the time of Edward Sixth, we are told by the Master of King's College, at Cambridge, in Eng-

land, that the students there had for their daily food a pottage made of one farthing's worth of beef with a little salt and oatmeal, literally nothing else. What would our students now-a-days say to such commons as that? At the same time, artificers and labouring men were driven for subsistence to horse corn, i. e. beans, peas, oats, tares and lentiles.

As to mental culture, any man may now have access to more good books and better books, in his own language, than all Europe could then furnish.

Thus it is, that the rare and costly luxury of one age becomes the cheap and daily comfort of another, by means of improvements, which can only be brought about by that security and free control of property, of which the inequality complained of is the necessary consequence.

This mode of constantly and equally improving the social condition of all men, not by preaching, plunder and spoil, corrupting one part of the community for the ruin of the rest — for the ruin of the whole, since the very object of the contest is destroyed in the struggle, but by exciting industry, and invention, and enterprize, to the utmost exertion in improving the useful arts, so that they may pour forth a harvest sufficient for all, a harvest constantly increasing from generation to generation, and almost from year to year, and which places the peasant of to-day in a better condition than the sovereign of former times, and the peasant of the next age than the sovereign of to-day; this, this is the true Agrarian Law, the only one compatible

with the existence of civilization, or which can promote the improvement or the real happiness of any portion of the people.

In like manner the terms Monopoly, Corporation, and other popular watch-words, mostly borrowed from Europe, and having some significance there, are misinterpreted and misapplied to our institutions, so as to lead multitudes astray, and induce them to support measures hostile to the public interests and to their own, and which tend to hurry them the downward path to anarchy, and thence to despotism, so often trodden by republics.

In speaking of the dangers of our condition, it is impossible to omit the difference between the domestic institutions of the North and the South, since it has often led to the threat of dissolving the Union. And when we see many, on the one hand, instead of carefully refraining from touching a brother's wound, which they are powerless to heal, doing all they can to irritate it; and many, on the other, who, instead of lamenting their calamity, as did their fathers, hold up the festering deformity as their glory, and challenge admiration for it, we cannot but say to both parties: Ye know not what spirit ye are of. Surely not of the Christian spirit of charity and peace.

The madness of speculation, so often indulged in, the enormous frauds, which sometimes accompany it, the heedlessness, with which Corporations, and even States, plunge into debt, the coolness, with which the former defraud or defy their creditors,



and the latter repudiate their engagements, or still more frequently, from mere party or personal motives, neglect to use the means entirely within their reach, for fulfilling them, all evince a want of self-control and of moral principle, which augurs ill for the stability of our political institutions.

The acts of violence and gross outrage, also frequently occurring, the utter recklessness of all legal and constitutional duty, occasionally evinced by every class, from the highest functionaries to the lowest of the people. Here, Representatives deserting their posts, and thus for a time breaking up the government, in order to defeat the will of the majority, to which, however unjustly exercised, they are bound to submit, till it can be corrected by the only safe and constitutional remedy, the voice of the people ; — and the halls of Legislation disgraced by brawls and even stained with blood. There, the mob, taking the law into its own hands, and punishing without trial, or hearing, or justice, or mercy ; at one time perhaps blinded by obsolete prejudices, and excited by fanaticism and credulity, invading, in the stillness of midnight, the dwelling of unprotected females, devoted to religion, and committing it to the flames ; at another, lifting its audacious head and calling itself the people, while committing acts of violence manifestly disapproved by them, and pronouncing sentence of outlawry upon the law itself ; these things admonish us, that Anarchy is too justly deemed the natural destroyer of freedom, and remind us of the growlings of the

tempest, ere it comes in its fury to devastate the land.

Another danger, which is in part the source of some already mentioned, and which tends to aggravate them all, is the highly excitable and imaginative character which distinguishes our age and especially our country, never resting satisfied with any thing established. No experience, however long, no consent, however universal, can secure any general principle from attack and denial. This quality is no doubt nearly allied to a virtue, and would do nothing but good, if it led always to thorough investigation, which gives strength and confidence to truth. But it is in fact often followed by the rash assertion of some fantastic theory, suggested, perhaps, by the passion or the interest of the moment, and which has no recommendation but its novelty, a charm but too seductive to such a people.

With such a character, amid such elements of strife and commotion, under an impulse which hurries on every thing before it so rapidly, it is vain to imagine that our country can remain stationary and be transmitted to the next generation without material change ; on the contrary, it seems to be rushing onward to its destiny, be it good or evil, with the speed and the force of a torrent. May it not be with its recklessness also

Since, then, the people are liable, like other sovereigns, to be misled by deception and flattery into measures fatal to their own best interests, and which tend, not only to defeat all the ends of free

government, but to subvert free government itself, to overturn their own authority, and bring them down at last prostrate and helpless before the footstool of despotism; the question becomes all important in what manner we may best guard against this political suicide.

Undoubtedly the most effectual mode is to enlighten them as to their own true and permanent interests, so that they may estimate the promises and flatteries of demagogues at their just value; may avoid sacrificing great principles to the short-sighted expediency of the moment, and may reject with scorn, like the Athenians in their better days, every political project, however plausible and tempting, of which men worthy of their confidence may say, as did Aristides, that though nothing could be more profitable to the republic, it is yet unjust.

Do you ask how the people is to be thus enlightened? I answer, your first, your second, and your third duty, is to promote the interests of education in every department, from the highest to the humblest. To begin with our public schools. Some of the New England states established, at their very first settlement, a system of common school education far superior to any then or previously existing in the world. But its improvement has by no means kept pace with our progress in other respects. Within a comparatively short period, a system has been established and matured, in the kingdom of Prussia, altogether more efficient than ours, and by which all men are trained up in obe-



dience to the government under which they live. How much more necessary is education, where the people are to be qualified, not for obedience, but for rule?

It is shown by the last census, that more than half a million of free white inhabitants of the United States, above the age of twenty years, are unable to read and write, which means, no doubt, unable even to write their names or to read their primer. It is true, that this amount of knowledge would not, of itself, aid them much in performing their political duties. But this is the first step in education, and those, who have not learned this, have learned nothing. Besides, if such be the number who know not thus much, how immense must be the multitude who have learned nothing more, and whose acquirements are therefore far behind those of a good common school. But there is more than this in the training of a school. The slightest impressions on the child have an incalculable influence on the character of the man. And the habits of order and decorum, of patience and self-command, and intellectual effort, however humble, acquired in the school, are of inestimable advantage to the individual and to society; especially when we consider that the almost certain alternative is a total abandonment to indolence, recklessness, caprice, and self-indulgence.

Every effort should be made, therefore, to improve these and all our higher seminaries of education, to increase their efficiency and elevate the

standard of instruction in them ; and above all, to introduce that thoroughness of scholarship in every thing, the want of which is the greatest defect of education among us. All projects not quite unreasonable, which are sincerely directed to these ends, should be encouraged, though not in the best possible form, nor likely to produce all the good, which their advocates, in their zeal, expect from them. They can produce no evil, and will at least tend to excite a greater interest in the subject, which is of itself a positive good.

Public lectures, and all other assemblages of men for literary or scientific purposes, are also worthy of encouragement, though the knowledge obtained in them is, for the most part, superficial and incomplete. They can deter no reasonable being, otherwise disposed to it, from the thorough investigation of any subject ; but on the contrary, by exciting curiosity, may induce many to enter on studies, which they would not else have thought of pursuing. Such meetings, too, of persons of different occupations and positions in society, to engage in the same pursuit, and share the same pleasure, tend greatly to remove mutual prejudices, and to facilitate intercourse among them by affording them topics of common interest.

But, in relation to the subject we are now considering, the most important education is that obtained in society, the education of the world, which lasts as long as life, and the great object of which should be to give a right direction to

that mighty power, public opinion. The first step towards this is to acquire correct opinions yourselves, and for this purpose to examine diligently and impartially the great questions, which may arise touching the public interests, and to interchange your views with others, especially with those who are most enlightened and best informed, and having thus matured your own opinions, to communicate them, with the reasons of them, on all fit occasions, frankly and decidedly. Refute fallacies and correct misrepresentations at all times, and meet the reiteration of error by the repetition of the truth ; and whenever and wherever any enormous fraud, abuse, or outrage, threatening the safety of society, shall lift up its shameless front, cry aloud and spare not, brand it with infamy, set the mark of Cain upon its forehead, that it may flee from the face of man.

Nor is it less important to provide for the education of the heart ; and establish a correct tone of public sentiment, and to this end to take a lively and sincere interest in the pursuits of others, to promote their honest views, sympathize in their feelings, give ready aid and even personal service to every institution designed for the good of any class of men, and seek to allay all prejudices, which may exist among different portions of the community.

In these things we may be constantly occupied ; and we shall do a small part of our duty to the public, if we neglect them, under the idea that



there is no immediate danger to our free institutions, and that when any pressing emergency shall arise, it will be time enough to meet it. No immediate danger? There is always danger, and the greatest of all dangers is, that we shall not be prepared for the emergency when it comes. No one can foresee what precious opportunities for action time and chance may bring him, and which he may lose for want of being ready to grasp them.

Chance will not do the work : chance gives the breeze,  
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,  
The very wind, that wafts us towards the port,  
May dash us on the shelves.

The time would fail me to suggest, even in the most general terms, all the means that may be adopted to further the accomplishment of the task assigned you. But to those who feel an intense interest in it, they will suggest themselves. Be vigilant, then, in watching for every opportunity to promote it, and cherish a constant and deep sense of its importance, and, as opportunities arise, it will be put into your mouth and into your heart what you shall do and what you shall say, to discharge the duty you owe to your country, and your country to mankind.

All nations are bound to acknowledge their obligations to the past, by contributing something to the great stock of civilization, which is the common inheritance of the whole human family, and their true glory consists in not only fulfilling this

obligation, but in going beyond it, so as to make the world their debtor. The peculiar situation of each points out its peculiar duty. One nation has claimed the gratitude of mankind, for bringing to perfection the elegant arts, and poetry, and eloquence, and has left to posterity the miracles of its skill in these, to excite universal admiration and despair. Another has given lessons of military prowess, planting its trophies in every part of the ancient world, and has bequeathed to us a code of legal principles, from which all civilized nations derive the greatest and the best portion of their laws, and which will endure as long as the name of justice itself shall be venerated. Others, again, have instructed us in the useful arts, and have brought down the sciences from heaven to dwell among men, and to contribute to our daily and hourly comfort ; and have given us lessons of policy, and taught us the only mode of organizing judicial tribunals compatible with the preservation of liberty.

The duty, which our situation calls on us to perform, is to exhibit to mankind a popular representative system of government ; and to prove to them by our example, not only that it is perfectly compatible with law, and order, and civilization, but that, rightly administered, it improves, in every respect, the social condition, humanizes the feelings, elevates the intellectual and moral character, secures the rights, and promotes the best interests and permanent happiness of the whole people.

Such is the MISSION OF AMERICA. Let her say



to her sons of the rising generation : Go ye forth and fulfil it. Its fate is in your hands. Should you fail, it will be defeated, if not forever, yet for ages, beyond which the eye of expectation cannot penetrate. Should you succeed, the failure of any subsequent age to perform its duty, though it might retard, could never prevent its accomplishment. Do not dream, that you can transmit these great interests to your successors in the same condition in which you received them. You might as well think to arrest the flight of time itself.

Let no vain presumption induce you to believe that all will go well, and to indulge in those day dreams so common, of the future glories of your country. All will not go well, that glory will not be attained, nor even safety secured, without your efforts. While humbly trusting, that He, who has so favoured you hitherto, will keep and save you, and out of evil bring forth good, let no overweening reliance on his aid lead to the torpor of fatalism. Yes, he will save you, if you will save yourselves ; but not otherwise. He will bring good out of all your evil ; but not good for you. Should your country be ruined by your guilt or supineness, the good to come of it will be, that the mighty ruin will stand forever a monument of shame to you, and a warning for the instruction of all other nations.

On the other hand, do not despair ; since no one can see how far the good influence of the humble efforts may ultimately extend ; and many cir-



cumstances, never before united, now conspire in favour of the great cause you are called on to maintain. It is not certain, indeed, that your efforts will be successful. But the certainty of success would diminish the energy, and the motive, and the merit of all exertion. One thing is certain; that there can be no success without effort. If you sow not, neither shall you reap. Sow the good seed, then, and though it be small as a grain of mustard seed, yet by the blessing of heaven, it may prosper, and spring up, and flourish, and spread abroad, till its branches shall reach to the ends of the earth, and afford food, and shade, and shelter, to the nations.

Behold your duty. May your lives be spent in the steady purpose and strenuous effort to fulfil it, and when the last hour shall come, may you lay down your heads in peace, grateful for the past, confiding in the future.

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DAW'S DOINGS,  
OR THE  
HISTORY OF THE LATE WAR  
IN THE PLANTATIONS.

BY SAMPSON SHORT-AND-FAT,

AUTHOR OF "QUOZZIANA."

---

I will get Peter Quince to write me a ballad of this Dream: and it shall  
be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom.

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

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BOSTON:  
WILLIAM WHITE & H. P. LEWIS,  
Spring Lane, corner Devonshire Street.

1842.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by  
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# DAW'S DOINGS.

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Showing how the Plantations were settled by old Roger Dowse, and how he got a lease of the land from Charley-over-the-water. How the Plantation folks kept their old lease, and the reason why.

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IN order to understand the mighty events of the war which forms the subject of this history, it will be necessary to begin with a short account of the Plantations, showing how they came, by a mixture of fate and accident, to produce such remarkable prodigies as the great *Daw* and his unequalled achievements. The Plantations, the reader must know, constitute a small lot of land on Brother Jonathan's farm, considerably famous for cheese and spinning-wheels. The first man that lived there was old Roger Dowse, the bottle-washer, who came from the Bay State, in the time of the Indians. Roger was an honest old fellow, but had been rather scurvily used by the Bay folks, who would not allow him water enough to wash his face and hands. Roger, who could not bear the least speck of dirt about him, determined to live no longer in the Bay. So clapping an Indian johnnycake in his pocket, and tying up his clean shirts in a bandanna handkerchief, he took his staff in his hand, bade his neighbors good-

bye, and set off into the woods with no companion but his dog Towser.

In a few days he came to a river full of alewives, and here he judged to be a good place to "set up his Ebenezer," as he called it. So he built him a log cabin and went to planting cabbages. Towser was a civil dog and never barked at the Indians or bit their toes, so that Roger lived quietly. The Bay folks turned up their noses at him, and for a long time would never take off their hats to him when they passed his door. However, Roger, by and by, had a cow and a calf, and then his neighbors began to make their manners. Before many years his cabbage garden flourished to such a degree, that he was able to build him a comfortable two-story house, nicely shingled, with a white front, green door, and brass knocker.

Roger Dowse having got a good house over his head, a magnificent cabbage garden, a grand cow-pasture, and a capital pig-pen, full of lusty young pigs, began to hold his head up in the world. He was considered by his neighbors as a smart, enterprising man, and no fool. So finding what a reputation he had got, he fell to thinking what he should do for his grandchildren, who by this time were growing up round him like a crop of toadstools. After smoking a pipe, a whole afternoon, over the matter, he called in his wife and told her to gather some of the best apples on the plantation, and cook a mess of the most superior pan-dowdy that could possibly be made. Granny Dowse set to work and soon brought out of the oven a thumping large pan full of such magnificent dowdy, that it was enough to make a man's mouth water, a mile off. Roger then told her to comb his wig nicely and brush up his go-to-meeting

coat, which being done he dressed himself up in apple-pie order, took the pan-dowdy under his arm carefully wrapped up in a clean towel, and set off with it on a visit to Charley-over-the-water. Charley was so tickled at the sight of the pan-dowdy, that he smacked his lips, grinned like a Cheshire cat, and called for the great horn spoon the moment it was uncovered. He made no scruple of diving through the crust without a case-knife, and fell to gobbling up the dowdy with as prime a gusto as if it had been Perigord pie, Roman beccaficoes, Sorrento veal, or green geese of Ferrara.

Charley having made a hearty meal on the pan-dowdy, felt in a mighty good humor and told Roger he was a clever fellow and should have half a crown for his pains, besides two yards of flannel to make a comfortable petticoat for his wife. Roger told him in reply, that he was welcome to the dowdy, and that he need not trouble himself about the half crown. All he had come for was a lease of the Plantations, which Charley might give him without its costing him a Bungtown copper, for the land was of no sort of use to anybody but Roger Dowse and his folks. Charley made no objection to this proposal, and called straight-way for a sheet of paper and the ink-horn. Roger and he laid their heads together and drew up a lease of the Plantations to Roger and all his folks unto the five-and-fortieth generation, for better or worse, to have and to hold, and whereas and nevertheless and notwithstanding and moreover and aforesaid,—all as regular as clock-work. Charley signed the lease with his own hand, and clapped on the corner of it a great seal as big as a pancake, which made everything safe.



Roger trudged off home with the lease in his pocket, and tucked it away carefully in the old family bible. He now felt secure, planted more cabbages, kept more pigs and cows, married off his grandchildren, hired a schoolmaster, and built a new gate to the Plantations. Roger's folks soon got the credit of being one of the smartest families in the country; they drove a rousing trade in Yankee notions, and were particularly famous for the manufacture of white oak cheese.

A good many years passed away, and the Plantations flourished mightily. Everybody had plenty of johnnycake, pan-dowdy, alewives, and white oak cheese. They kept the lease snugly stowed away in the old bible and set a great value on it, because it was found to answer the purpose to a hair. It was all written out in print hand so that everybody could read it, and the Plantation folks knew exactly what was to be done every day to keep the Plantation in order and prevent the lease from running out. They were so well satisfied with the lease, that at the time of the great blow up, when John Bull and Brother Jonathan got into a quarrel and dissolved partnership, the Plantation folks stuck by the old lease, and would not allow a single word of it to be scratched out. All their neighbors, up and down the country, flung their old leases into the fire and took out new ones. But the folks of the Plantations just went to the family bible and shifted the lease from the Old Testament to the New.

A great many people have wondered why the Plantation folks did this, when they might just as easily have got a lawyer to write them out a bran new lease upon nice new parchment, all in modern running-hand,

instead of the old English character. It would have cost only the lawyer's fees, and some higgling among themselves about the alterations in the commas and semicolons and ampersands. Some wiseacres explain this by saying that the Plantation folks did it in the spirit of prophesy, because they foresaw it would give birth to the mighty Daw and his heroic deeds, which were to be trumpeted through the universe and make the Plantations famous to the latest posterity. All this may be true, but I rather incline to the more common opinion, that the Plantation folks kept the old lease because they thought it just as good as a new one.

Be that as it may; one thing is clear, the old lease was kept safe, and Daw came into the world to immortalize it. This reminds me of the opinion of Lord Timothy Dexter, that great philosopher,—namely, that lions and tigers and elephants, and, in fact, all wonderful quadrupeds, were made for no earthly purpose but to be skinned and stuffed and put into museums. In like manner, I think it highly probable that the plantations must have been created and settled and governed for two hundred years, for no other purpose under the sun than to give birth to the illustrious Daw, and to afford him a theatre for his mighty deeds, to be recorded for the admiration of the whole world in this authentic History.

## CHAPTER II.

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How the old lease of the Plantations laid down the regulation about the town-pump. How the influenza raged in Brother Jonathan's country. How some of the Plantation folks wanted to alter the lease. How King Sam and the Oldtown Committee made a new one. How it did not please everybody, and how the Plantation folks got mystified.

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Now the old lease happened to contain a provision to this effect, namely, that no man should use the town pump unless he had a huge paw. It was customary in those days, to put such terms into leases of land, because none but those people who had huge paws were supposed to be able to work the pump-handle. None of the Plantation folks complained of this regulation when the lease was made. In fact, it was one of their own choosing. Almost everybody had huge paws, at first, and those who had not, had wells of their own at home and did not care two coppers about the town pump. But, by and by, huge paws were not so common. A great many folks had stout legs, stomachs, and elbows, but paws most un-hugeous. These people began to grumble, because they could not use the town-pump, though three quarters of them lived so far off that they could not have drawn a bucket of water from it once in a dog's age. But they did not think it fair to have anybody say to them, "The town-pump is not yours." They proposed



to have the huge paw condition scratched out of the lease; but the paw folks, many of them, objected, and said the paws were the surest pay for the pump-boxes. This did not satisfy the others, and they continued to grumble. But the Plantation folks being people of steady habits, thought it not worth their while to make a fuss about so small a matter, particularly as everything went on well enough in the Plantations. Every man's cattle got water enough to drink, whether he used the town-pump or not. Moreover, a good many were of the opinion that the water was much cleaner in the pump when there were not so many persons, at a time, pulling at the handle, and bringing up the dregs from the bottom.

But about these days a great influenza began to prevail throughout Brother Jonathan's country, which in old times was famous for being one of the healthiest places in the world. It is the opinion of many learned doctors that this disease was produced by full blood, high living, and having too many good things; and this seems highly probable. Whatever caused it, the influenza spread over a great part of the territory, so that Brother Jonathan's people, who, in former times, hardly ever took cold or felt stuffy, now fell into tympanies and fits, and were sneezing at everything. At first, the Plantations escaped the infection, having a good healthy upland situation, and the influenza is observed to prevail chiefly among the flats. But, by and by, it began to creep in even here. People were seized with fits of sneezing without knowing what ailed them. They would go about sniffing and turning up their noses at everything. What is more, they got a strange notion into their heads that this disorder could be cured by the water of the town-pump, and this set them crying out

against the huge paw monopoly ten times louder than ever. And now, instead of asking to have that provision scratched out of the lease, they insisted on throwing it into the fire, and having a bran new one written out with not so much as a paw, paddler, peeper, picker, or stealer in it.

A great many of the Plantation folks did not like the notion at all. They hated to see anything changed as long as it was good enough for use. But the more they stood up for the old lease, the more the influenza folks railed against it. They swore it was nothing but a musty, rusty, dusty, shabby old bit of parchment, half eaten up by the rats, and good for nothing but to patch a broken window, or make a drum-head. This was rather uncivil to the old lease, but some people have no more sense nor manners, than to speak ill of the bridge that carries them safe over. There was a mighty deal of wrangling about it, but all that was said could not convince the malcontents but that town-pump water was a cure for everything. In fact, this notion, somehow or other, has become prevalent almost all over the country; and people are crowding constantly to the town-pump, pulling away night and day, at the handle, and twisting the nozzle this way and that. The consequence is, that town-pumps are, for the most part, in a rickety condition, and the expense of pump-boxes has amazingly increased of late, which appears to be all the good they have got by their thirst for town-pump water.

At last the Plantation folks, though they felt certain it was nothing but a whim, yet, because they were willing to conform to the general fashion, consented to humor the fancies of the pump-water party, and have a new lease, in which the huge paw monopoly should be left out. For this purpose King Sam, who

happened to be overseer      Plantations this year, sent for the Oldtown committee who did all the public business, and had a tea-party at his house. They talked the matter over, and wrote out a new lease, all fair and square, saying nothing of huge paws, pad-ders, peepers, pickers, or stealers, and granting the use of the town-pump to every man whose pail had a bottom in it. Anybody would have thought this must have satisfied the town-pumpers, but no such thing. Would you believe it?—They turned up their noses at it, called it musty stuff, and swore it smelt of the paws. When the Oldtown committee sent it down into the kitchen, to be placed in the family bible, the grumblers treated it with the greatest contempt. One put on his spectacles and vowed he could not read such a rickett, crabbed hand. Another wondered what the Oldtown committee meant by sending them such a pack of stuff that was n't better than hog latin. One said, "Pshaw!" another, "Fling it to the cats"—another gave it a twist, another a pull, another doo's eared the corner, and another flung a great quid of tobacco right in the face of it! In short, the new lease went back to the committee, so fumbled, crumpled, pawed and daubed that it was not fit to be seen.

Hardly any body could guess what possessed the fellows to act in this ridiculous manner. In fact they could not agree among themselves why they did not like the new lease. One said it was too long; and another said it was too short. One did not want it, because he liked the old lease better than any new one: another could not fancy it, because the bottomless pails were not admitted to the pump:—they insisted there was some fun in pumping into a pail even though it could not hold water:—rather a queer



doctrine; but what signifies talking to people who have got the influenza? A great many made objections to it on account of a provision it contained excluding strange cats from the kitchen till they had been two years on the Plantations;—a precaution reasonable enough, because strange cats require watching; and until they are quite domesticated, you cannot be sure whether they have come to catch mice or steal cream.

The Plantation folks were much amazed when they found the new lease was rejected. They waited a while in expectation that the influenza would pass off, and people would blow their noses and come to their senses. But this expectation was vain. The grumblers continued to sneeze louder than before. So wherever you went, there was such a sniffing and wheezing kept up, and such a tremendous calling out for town-pump water, that the very Old Nick seemed to have got them by the nose. It would have made you laugh to have heard the ridiculous things they said about the old lease. If a dog ran mad, it was Charley's lease that did it. If the alewives would not bite, it was Charley's lease that stopped their mouths. If the milk turned sour, Charley's lease was at the bottom of the pan. If the leg of mutton kicked the dumplings out of the pot—nothing ailed it but Charley's lease. If the hens did not lay—if the babies squalled—if the cats stole the custards—if the mosquitos bit in a hot day, it was nothing but the lease that did all the mischief. In short, if you believed their stories the world would come to an end within twenty-four hours, unless that infernal old lease was tossed into the fire with its monstrous and abominable huge paw regulations.

Some who told these tales were really noodles

enough to believe them. But the truth is that they were chiefly set afoot by a set of meddling, babbling busy bodies, who delight in setting people by the ears that they may profit by their credulity. The people of the Plantations, though well-behaved folks in general, yet contained among them a pack of fellows who did not care what mischief they did, provided they could make a sixpence by it. These fellows knew if they could upset the old lease, and get a new one made to their minds, there would be a general overturn, and they would have a chance of getting into place during the hurly-burly. One wanted to be hog-reeve, and help himself to bristles; another hoped to get the rent of the grist-mill, and take toll of all the corn on the Plantations; another had set his heart on milking the cows; another's fingers itched to shear the sheep; another hoped to dig the potatoes, another to pick the apples, another to be butter-prover, another cheese-taster. In short their mouths all watered for something or other, and they set these ridiculous lies a going, in hopes the honest folks of the Plantations would be so frightened that they could not carry their dish upright, but would spill all their gravy for Tom, Dick, and Harry to gobble up.

So it fell out that, by listening to all this monstrous fudge, and hearing such a continual sneezing and wheezing, up and down town, the Plantation folks really began to think it a serious matter. Some of them went to bed every night expecting to wake up in the morning and find the river on fire. Others took their pigs to the blacksmith and had them shod, to keep the witches off. One sent to the apothecary's for a bottle of pigeon's milk, because town-pump water was scarce. Another swallowed gape-seed, in-

stead of mustard, to make him cunning. One ate his pap with a hatchet, for fear of cutting his throat with the back of the spoon, and another picked his teeth with a wooden shoe, for pure comfort. Finally, so many strange things were done every day that it was evident something marvellous was a brewing.





### CHAPTER III.

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First appearance of the great Daw. How he got a cent a-piece from them. How they all went into the back yard. How Daw made a speech. How they got up a sham lease, and how King Sam laughed to hear of their doings.

It is at this point of our history that the hero of it, the illustrious Daw, makes his appearance. That great personage, whom the malice and injustice of an envious world had hitherto kept in unmerited obscurity, at length manifested the ascendancy of his all-powerful genius, and burst upon the astonished universe. At last the hour was come and the man. Fate gave the word and up rose Daw. Like a faithful historian, I should give, in these pages, a full recital of his achievements previous to this affair of the Plantations, but, unfortunately for posterity, there exist no authentic memorials of Daw's early exploits. They must, however, have been of an astounding character. Or, if Daw had been doing nothing before this time, he, probably, like the Irishman's owl, had been keeping up a tremendous thinking. The result of his cogitations was now to astonish the world. The time had come for Daw to act.

Inspire my pen, O sacred muse of history! thou that didst whilom dictate to the ingenious Xenophon, the Retreat of the immortal Ten Thousand and

sat'st perching upon the goosequill of the immortal author—I forget his name—who has recorded the Decline and Fall of Stoke Pogis,—teach me how, with becoming gravity, dignity, and epic spirit, I may tell an admiring world of Daw's DOINGS.

Daw was sharking about the Plantations one afternoon, looking where he might pick up a raw turnip for his dinner, when he espied a troop of fellows lounging about the town-pump. Daw knew them all for his old acquaintance. There were Smutface, Hook-emsneery, Bubble, Doddlechops, Contraryminded, Noodle, Doodle, Shirk, Rotten-potato, Suckmug, Darnitall, Bounce, Bat's-eyes, Gumbo-chaff, Nosebag, Down-at-the-heel, Clam-shell, Graball, Turkey-buzzard, Lazybones, and Shocking-bad-hat.

Daw sat down by the pump, among this promising crew, and, after begging a chaw of tobacco, began to stir up their most sweet voices about the pump-business. “Arn't it a burnin' shame, feller citizens,” said he, “this here water bizness?” It's a orful shame,” says Smutface. “Wont let us pump into our pails 'coz they ha'n't got no bottom!” says Daw. I think it's unmean,” says Doddlechops.” “All-fired unmean,” replied Daw. “Tell ye what,” says Turkey-buzzard, “if I had a whole pail, I'd knock the bottom out, and steal a pailful out o' spite.” “Them's my sentiments,” said Daw. “Can't we get up a no-bottom pail party?” suggested Rotten-potato. “By the hokey,” cried Daw, “you've 'spressed my mind zackly.” “Them's my sentiments too,” cried Contraryminded. “Mine too,” says Gumbo-chaff, and Bounce, and Suckmug. “We'll do it, and no mistake,” said Daw, raising his fist to smash a mosquito on his nose. “How'll we do it?” asked Bat's-eyes. “We'll do it right away slick,

and have a bran new lease, on the no-bottom foundation," said Daw. "That 's a bright thought," said Nosebag. "Good," said Noodle and Doodle.

"Now, my loafers," says Daw, "finding they were all ready for something or other;—the way we 'll do it is this 'ere. Jest give me a cent a-piece, to buy a glass of su'thin to drink, and I 'll tell ye of a way to come it over the town-pump folks." Will ye, though?" asked Smutface. "Honor bright," replied Daw. "A cent a-piece, did you say?" asked Down-at-the-heel. "Yes," said Daw, "on'y them as han't got a cent." This powerful appeal to their pride forced every man's hand into his pocket. Daw held out his hat and "hooked the tin," as he elegantly expressed it. Having thrust it safely into his breeches pocket, he clapped his thumb to the side of his nose, and made a sort of twinkling with his fingers. "What's that 'ere?" said Nosebag. "It 's the sign of free-masonry," replied Daw. "Now we are all sons of liberty, and free-masons of the lodge of no-bottom pails." "Hurrah! for liberty, glory, and no-bottom pails," cried Clam-shell. "Hurrah for Daw," shouted Suck-mug. "Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted the whole crew. "Now jist help me up," said Daw, "and we 'll all go into the back yard, out of sight, and proceed to business.

Daw having taken his crew into the back yard, got Smutface and Rotten-potato to hoist him on the top of the hen-coop, and began a speech.

"Feller citizens," said he, "the way we 'll do this here thing is jest this here. In the first place, we 'll start fair and go straight a-head, Let 's all vote ourselves a unanimous majority *num con*, as the lawyers say. As many as are in favor of voting themselves a unanimous majority, all round, please to signify. It



is a vote. Mr. Contraryminded, why did n't you hold up both hands? Hows'ever that dont argufy, and I, as the cheer, pronounce it a unanimous majority.

"Now, gen'lmen," continued Daw, "all we've got to do is to make a new lease of the Plantations, on the no-bottom principle, write it out on a sheet of paper, sign our names to it, and that will send the old lease to pot. You, Noodle, give Doodle a cent, and let him go buy a sheet of paper. You, Doodle, you can borrow some ink, and steal a pen. Gen'lmen, this is a land o' liberty, and if it an't we'll make it so. Every man take care of himself, every pail stand on its own bottom, and them that ha'n't got none, may stand bottom up'er'd."

Doodle having come back with the sheet of paper, Daw and the rest of them set to work and wrote out a sham lease of the Plantations, beginning thus—

"We, Daw and Co., by the license of bad luck and the devil, gentlemen at large with bottomless pails, hereby take possession of the Plantations for ourselves and our uncles, aunts and cousins, to the exclusion of everybody else; in virtue and vice whereof, we hereby order and command King Sam and the Oldtown committee, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of these diggins, and to go off to Nova Scotia in the next fog. And whereas that abominable huge-paw monopoly has caused all the earthquakes, plagues, pestilence, fires, famines, slaughters and inundations with which these unfortunate Plantations have been afflicted, throughout the whole course of their miserable existence; we hereby ordain. and command, that paws and pigs shall be free plunder, and that all persons may have liberty to take any such animal by the tail, whenever they can catch him in the act of seeing the wind.

And whereas town-pump water is best when pumped into bottomless pails, we hereby ordain that every man, whose pail is without a bottom, shall have liberty to pump till his pail runs over; and we further recommend to the enlightened citizens of these Plantations to use no other than bottomless pails, for drawing water, "in this new era," which shall hereafter be known as the "era of bottomless pails."

Having written the whole out, with abundance of bad spelling, they clapped a great lump of rye-and-indian dough upon it, for a seal, and thought they had done the business. "Now," said Daw, "feller citizens, we've took possession. All the land is ours, by right of conquest and constitutional annihilation. King Sam is rowed up Salt river, and the Oldtown committee is whittled away to the little eend o' nothin. We're the suvrin people, and all the oxen, sheep, and asses are our consticueents. First place, I'll be overseer of the Plantations."

Here the whole gang set up a shout. "Hurrah for Daw! Hurrah for Daw! Daw shall be overseer! Down with King Sam!"

"Thank ye, feller citizens," said Daw. "And now, to show my gratitude, I'll appoint ye all to offices. You, Smutface, shall be viceroy of Block Island. You, Hookemsneevy, shall be hogreeve of Pigtown. You, Contraryminded, shall drive the cart before the horse. You, Doddlechops, shall scare the crows out of the cornfield. You, Rotten-potato, shall be chief justice, and do just as I bid you. Lazybones shall be constable. Clamshell shall be town-crier. Noodle and Doodle shall be schoolmasters. Nosebag shall turn the grindstone. Down-at-the-heel shall be captain of militia; Turkey-buzzard shall carry the flag, and Shocking-bad-hat shall be master

of ceremonies. Now, feller citizens, we 're the government, and no mistake. We 've nothin more to do, but to march into the great parlor and take our seats among the emperors, and principalities, and potentates of the earth."

The whole gang then gave three cheers, and cried, "Hurrah for Daw! Hurrah for no-bottom pails! Up our side, and down with the Oldtown committee!" They then agreed to meet the next day, and take possession of the parlor, and assume the regular authority over the Plantations. With this determination they moved off to the town-pump, and spent the rest of the day in pumping water; not because they wanted any, but because they meant to show that the pump belonged to them alone.

King Sam happened to be putting a new hinge on the gate when Daw and his tatterdemalions went into the back yard. He did not like their looks, and, suspecting some mischief was afoot, sent Peeping Tom to spy out what they were at. Peeping Tom saw them go into the yard, but as they shut the gate close behind them, he could not get in. He was lucky enough, however, to find a knot-hole in the fence, to which he clapped his ear, and heard all that was said. He ran back to King Sam, and told him that Daw had made himself Overseer. King Sam laughed as if he was ready to split, and supposed Peeping Tom was joking; but Tom stood to it, and told the whole story so circumstantially that King Sam verily believed there was something in it. He could not help laughing still louder at the conceited impudence and stupidity of Daw. "Why, the critter 's bejuggled," says he. "Daw Overseer of the Plantations! *he* undertake farming! Why, the monkey does not know one end of a pitchfork from 'tother. He could not tell a drill-plough from a dark-lantern. A pretty



chap he would be to raise turnips! Ha! ha! ha!  
How the family would thrive under his management!  
There'd be the pigs in the buttery, in less than no  
time; and the bumblebees would whisk off the honey  
from the hives before we could say what's this? Ha!  
ha! ha! Overseer Daw! Ha! ha! ha! Overseer  
Daw! Ha! ha! ha! Would n't he cut a grand fig-  
ure, waddling into the great parlor! Ha! ha! ha!  
It makes me laugh like the old cat. Ha! ha! ha!



## CHAPTER IV.

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How Daw and his crew got into the coal-hole, instead of the parlor. Daw's inaugural speech. The proceedings of King Sam and the Oldtown committee, when they heard of the doings at the coal-hole. How King Sam wrote to his Uncle about the affairs of the Plantations.

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Daw was busy all that night, mending his breeches, which, for a long time, had been considerably the worse for wear. By a good deal of patching, and darning, he at last got most of the holes repaired, and the buttons sewed on. The next day was to witness the great event of his taking public possession of his new dignity, and he determined to array himself in a magnificence becoming the occasion. For this purpose, he borrowed a new pair of cowhide boots of Hook-emsneevy, and an old beaver of Shocking-bad-hat. He plastered his head with a tallow candle, and powdered it with Indian meal. Then sticking a kitchen skewer in his pocket, for a sword, and taking a broomstick for a staff, he thought himself handsomely rigged out, for an Overseer. Thus equipped, the illustrious Daw issued forth into the street, on the morning of that eventful day which first made him known to an admiring world.

The no-bottomites, meantime, were all ready to take possession. Every man among them was eager

for his share of the plunder, which he expected would make him rich in the twinkling of an eye. Daw put himself at their head, and they marched up to the parlor door, but were grievously surprised to find it locked. The poor noodles really expected that they would be admitted without any questions being asked, and kept knocking at the door for half an hour; but as nobody opened it, Smutface proposed to break the lock. Daw had just lifted his broomstick to give it a poke, when he heard King Sam's dog Towzer, inside, saying, "Bow, wow, wow," to himself, in a small undertone. This made him start back, and turn a little pale. "Never mind," said Smutface, "bang away." "No," replied Daw, taking a long breath, "we'd better go somewhere else." "You a n't afraid of old Towzer, are you?" said Suckmug. "No," said Daw, "I a n't afraid of no dogs, nor no cats, but I think we'd better not commit any *overt act*."

Finding they could not get into the parlor, the whole gang marched off to an old shed, which had been used for a coal-hole. Here they crept in, and seated themselves, as comfortably as they could, on old tubs, logs of wood, broken pails and such trumpery. Daw got three stout fellows to hoist him on the top of a beer barrel, from which he made the following speech.

"Feller citizens, gentlemen of the no-bottom pail committee of the Plantations; we've all met simultaneously in this here magnificent coal-hole, to 'stablish the government on no-bottom principles. Feller citizens, the univereal world is gazing at us in blind admiration. We've demolished the *hoge* paws and taken the town-pump. O trumpery! O Moses! The old lease is gone to the dogs, and all the world is just



beginning new again. The first thing we 'll do is to turn everything upside down, take everything away from everybody, and give everything to everybody. First we 'll have sixteen new handles and sixteen new nozzles to the town-pump:—where the water is to come from, a n't our look out. Next we 'll go over the Plantations and kick every pig that dares set up his bristles. Next we 'll lop all the apple-trees and graft pumpkin vines on them. Next we'll root up all the carrot beds, and plant them with skunk-cabbage and gill-go-by-the-ground. Next we 'll dam up Buttermilk Falls, and make the river run up hill. Next we 'll put a silk umbrella over the grindstone, for fear the hogs should eat it up. Next we 'll pull down the stone posts, at the great gate, and set up corn-stalks. Next we 'll colonize the hives with good stout bumblebees. Next we 'll sell all the hens of a rainy day. But, before we do anything at all, it's my mind we break into the kitchen and help ourselves to squash."

"Hurrah for squash! them's my sentiments! go ahead!" shouted every one of the gang; and they would have started off, instantly, and plundered the kitchen and cellar, if they had not recollected old Towzer. This damped their courage, and Daw went on with his speech.

"Feller citizens, go ahead:—them's my sentiments. We're the Spartan band, and all creation is afraid of us. There's nothing but what we 'll do. First we 'll raise ten thousand men, and take the Isle of Shoals. Then we 'll coast along shore, by the way of Sacarappa and Skowhegan, put forty battalions of flying artillery in a birch canoe, paddle across Passamaquoddy Bay, cut off all the Blue-noses, and fetch up at Cape Blowmidown. Then we 'll embark

in flat-bottomed fly-boats, seventy thousand strong; leaving the baggage and heavy artillery to come after, in pumpkin shells; steer all night by the dog-star, make land 'tother side of Gibraltar, and rout the Algerines with fire and sword. Then *we 'll* all mount upon dromedaries, scour the country, up and down, take all the Guinea-pigs and crocodiles of the Nile, and send them home to be skinned and stuffed. Next we'll make a descent into the Red Sea, fish up one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels and carry it on a pole as a trophy. Next *we 'll* make a circumbendibus by the way of Constantinople, pull the whiskers of the Grand Turk, and bring away the Seven Towers upon trucks. Next *we 'll* take Vienna, and hold a congress there. Next *we 'll* be down on the back of the Pope of Rome, and cut off his great toe. Next *we 'll* march north, kill all the Russian bears and sell their skins beforehand. Next *we 'll* put on steam, cut round the Arctic circle, go in at Symmes's hole, people the infernal regions and come back by the Northwest passage. China need not be conquered till the teapot is empty."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the whole company, in an extasy of admiration at the wonderful bravery of Daw in inventing this ingenious plan of universal conquest. The fellows were such fools as to think he was equal to everything. Daw went on.

"Feller citizens, that 's the way *we 'll* do, and no mistake. Who says I have n't a head-piece fit for an Overseer of these Plantations? King Sam never thought of doing half what I 've been saying. Now I 'm going to put everything to rights, in this oppressed and afflicted country. Everybody shall have everything. Cows may eat custard-pies, and all the horses' hay shall be buttered. The rivers shall swim

with pork and molasses ; roast turkies shall run about the streets ; hens shall lay two eggs a day, and three for Sunday. I'll put a quart of good liquor in every pint pot ; it shall rain squids and drab hats twice a week all summer ; and you shall all live in peace, and die in a pot of grease."

Peeping Tom, meantime, had got into the coal-hole, and heard all this palaver. He ran straightway to King Sam and told him the whole of Daw's beer-barrel speech. King Sam was struck with amazement at the fellow's audacity. "The rogue," said he, "has got a cup in his pate, as sure as twopence ; but I'll shorten his nose for him. *He* upset the Plantations ? the serpent ! I must take a stick to him, that 's a settled point. *He* rout the Algerines ? the waddling lout ! what put that into his numskull ? Ha ! ha ! Here, Towzer ! Towzer ! squat down at the door, while I go into the wood-lot to cut a stick. I'll wipe him down with an oaken towel, the rapscallion."

Towzer squatted down at the door, and kept watch, while King Sam got his jack-knife and went to the wood-lot. He first met with a good thick, smooth, birch sapling, and was about to cut it down, saying to himself, "Birch is just the thing for such an ignorant booby." But, reflecting on Daw's uncommon thickness of skull and impenetrability of hide, he judged that birch would make no impression upon him. So he went further, and made choice of a good stout, knotty, white-oak plant, which even the skull of Daw could not resist. This he cut down, carried home, and shaped into a good, handy cudgel, carving his name on the head ; after which he placed it behind the front door to be ready for use.

King Sam then sent for the Oldtown committee,



and held another tea-party. He told them the whole story of the proceedings of Daw and his crew, and how he had cut a stick to give the fellows a beating. The Oldtown committee told King Sam he had done just right, and if Daw and his ragamuffins got their pates cracked, it would be good enough for them. They promised Sam they would stand by him, in case of necessity, and help give the rogues a good banging. They then took measures for the security of the house; got a file and sharpened Towzer's teeth; put a new lock on the kitchen door; collected all the broomsticks, and shut all the windows. Then they sent the town-crier through the streets, giving public notice that if Daw, or any of his crew, should be caught intruding into the parlor, kitchen, entry, scullery, cellar, barn, hencoop, or back yard, or into any of the lots, or premises belonging to King Sam and the Oldtown committee, the person so offending should receive three raps on the knuckles and a whack over the shoulders.

This proclamation was cried up and down town; but Daw and his crew, thinking that King Sam knew nothing about cudgel-playing, and that Towzer would not bite, swore they did not care for it a pudding's end. They continued to talk of taking possession of the house, and began to furnish themselves with sticks of wood and brickbats, as if they were disposed to fight. King Sam, in order to prepare for the worst, immediately sat down and wrote his uncle the following letter.

FOR UNCLE SAM, AT THE GREAT WHITE WIGWAM.

These.

*Dear Uncle.*—I take my pen in hand to inform you that there appears to be some trouble brewing in the

Plantations. The loafers are up, and have got clubs and brickbats to break into my house. I do n't care much for them, on my own account, for they are a pack of numskulls that don't know a hawk from a buzzard. But old Sancho sometimes helps such fellows, and there may be mischief in the back yard. Besides, as Overseer of the Plantations, it is my bounden duty to look sharp, that the eggs may not be stolen, nor the windows broken.

I wish, therefore, to know whether, in case the loafers attack the house, and Towzer is not strong enough to keep them out, you would be so kind as to lend me your big dog Bose to help him. If I remember right, there was some sort of agreement between you and the Plantation folks, as to this matter, at the time the Grand Union Company signed the round robin.

I remain, uncle,

Your dutiful nephew,

KING SAM.

Uncle Sam had no sooner got this letter than he clapped on his spectacles and ran over it. "Heyday," said he, "what 's to pay now?—here 's a pretty spot o' work! A row in the Plantations! Let me see, let me see—here, Dan! Dan! fetch me the round robin, and read it over to me without leaving out a syllable; I rather guess there 's a hook in it to catch these loafers by the nose." Dan accordingly ran for the round robin, and read it over, chapter by chapter; at last he came to the following passage—

"Uncle Sam shall lend his big dog Bose to any member of this company, in case thieves break into their premises, or the loafers rise."

"Ha! ha!" cried uncle Sam, "I thought we should catch them. That 's enough, Dan, you need n't read any more. Enough is as good as a feast. That

clause is a full warrant for lending Bose. He 'll work up their old iron! Fetch me a sheet of paper and the inkhorn, Dan. I 'll have no breaking windows, among my neighbors, as long as Bose has a tail to wag." Dan brought the paper and ink, and Uncle Sam immediately wrote the following answer.

FOR KING SAM, AT THE PLANTATIONS.

These.

*Dear Sammy.*—I received your letter concerning Bose and the loafers. I am sorry you have any trouble in the Plantations, and that your windows are in danger. I have looked over the round robin, and find that I am under obligation to lend Bose whenever the loafers are up. I hope, however, that these fellows will be ashamed of themselves, and go about their own business. If they make an assault upon your house, I really think that by only shaking your stick at them, and making Towzer show his teeth, you can scare them out of their senses, and the loons will run like scalded rats. But if, after all, you insist upon Bose, you shall have him.

I remain, your loving  
UNCLE SAM.





## CHAPTER V.

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How Daw and his crew were frightened, when they heard Old Bose was coming. How Daw tried to get into Uncle Sam's front door. How he got into the back yard, and held a confab with Tom o' Bedlam. The history of the yellow-birds. How Tom o' Bedlam promised to help Daw. How Daw called upon Slam Bang. How Slam Bang gave Daw a bloody case-knife; and how Daw showed signs of astonishing courage.

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King Sam, as soon as he got Uncle's letter, sent the town-crier with it, up and down the streets, that everybody might hear it read. Daw and his gang were struck all of a heap at the news, for they were such noodles that they never read the round robin, in the whole course of their lives, and had no conception of what a scrape they were getting into. The very thought of having old Bose at their heels made their teeth chatter. They knew he was a dog who would scatter all the loafers in creation, for he had fought a Bull and taken him by the horns. They, therefore, set up a terrible outcry at this letter of Uncle Sam's, and said he had no business to meddle with the affairs of the Plantations, and that the whole concern was no bread and butter of his. This was all fudge and blarney, for there it was, written down in black and white, in the round robin. But what signifies talking with blockheads that cannot read

print hand? Moreover, there was a pack of fellows over at Tammany, and another down at the Bay, who were as ignorant as the Plantation loafers, and knew no more of the round robin than a Hottentot knows of hieroglyphics. These fellows, also, set up a hal-liballoo, and cried out against Uncle Sam for getting Bose ready, all which encouraged Daw and his gang, and made them believe they would rule the roost yet.

Daw was so puffed up by hearing his tatterdemalions call him by the title of "Overseer," that he determined to go on a visit to Uncle Sam, in hopes the old gentleman would invite him to tea. For this purpose he got his gang to make a contribution and raise a fund of four and sixpence. With this cash in his pocket he set out for the great white wigwam. When he got there he knocked at the door. Uncle Sam was busy in the front parlor, and did not go to the door; but Daw continuing to knock, he peeped out of the window, and was so well pleased with Daw's gallows locks, that he let him stand knocking at the door till he had beaten his knuckles black and blue. "That chap," said Uncle Sam, "to judge from the cut of his jib, is come here for no good." "I think so too," said Dan, "I took up just such a fellow once for stealing a sheep." Daw, finding it impossible to get in at the front door, went round into the back yard. There he found Tom o' Bedlam skinning a 'possum and greasing his ears with the fat. Daw asked him what he was about, and what plunder he had lit upon there. Tom o' Bedlam replied that he was doctoring his ears with 'possum fat, to make them grow, for he had a strong predilection for long ears.

This Tom o' Bedlam was a famous quack doctor, who sold mint drops, and once dosed Uncle Sam

with his trumpery to such a degree, that the old gentleman feels the effects of the quackery to this day. Sam was at first in perfect health, as blithe as a lark, with every joint in his limbs springing like a steel trap, when he was fool enough to let Tom o' Bedlam into his house, and listen to his blarney about mint-drops. Tom made him believe he had a terrible weakness in the knees, and that nothing would cure him but his own patent mint-drops. If Sam had not had the ill luck just then, to be wearing a pair of cracked spectacles, he would have seen through Tom o' Bedlam's humbug. But Sam, although he could run as fast as if he wore seven-league boots, had no more cunning just at that time, than to believe that his legs were failing him. Tom made him swallow a great gulp of his mint-drops, telling him they would give a "better currency" to his blood, and enable him to kick like a horse.

Sam having swallowed the mint-drops, felt himself, as men commonly do after taking quack medicines, considerably worse. But Tom told him they were all working right, and now was the time to go into the woods and catch yellow-birds, which were as plenty as musquitoes. "Yellow-birds?" said Sam, "are they worth the catching?" "Nothing more profitable," said Tom, "just sell your shirt and buy salt to put on their tails, and we'll catch a whole wilderness of them. Ah the sweet creatures! What a pretty noise they'll all make in your house, shut up in cages, and singing 'chink! chink! chink!' all day long. Yellow-birds for me! Nothing like yellow-birds."

When the mint-drops had got into Uncle Sam's head there was no difficulty in making him believe any kind of humbug. Accordingly he sold his shirt,



bought a bag of fresh salt, and taking an old hickory staff in his hand, set off into the woods with Tom o' Bedlam for his guide, in pursuit of yellow-birds. All the day they hunted, and nothing could they find, except a hen sparrow that would not sing. Sam had flung away all his salt at butterflies, horn-bugs, devil's-needles, bumblebees, and such small game, but not a yellow-bird would allow him to come within a stone's throw. When he returned home at night he found his salt all gone, no shirt for his back the next day, and his legs so scratched by the brambles and briars, that he has been obliged to wear shin-plasters ever since. Such was the result of Tom o' Bedlam's famous project for catching yellow-birds. Uncle Sam's blood, moreover, instead of getting a better currency, by Tom's mint drops, fell into a miserable state of stagnation, and he is now subject to tympanies and bad humors, that break out in a new place almost every day.

Daw and Tom 'o Bedlam got into a palaver in the back yard, and went to swapping jack-knives. Daw told him the whole story about the Plantations, and asked Tom to lend him half a dollar, to buy ratsbane for killing old Towzer. Tom was glad of a chance to assist in kicking up a bobbery, for it was always the case that wherever there was any mischief to be sold, he was one of the first to raise the auction. He knew that if the Plantation folks could be thrown into a hurly-burly, he might wriggle himself into their affairs, and sell his quack medicines. So he clapped Daw on the back and told him to go ahead and raise Tim. As to the half dollar, he observed that he was rather short of hard cash, just then, but he 'd give him a bill of the Owl Creek Bank. Daw, who was glad to get anything, took the bill and crammed it

into his pocket. Tom o' Bedlam, moreover, promised Daw that he would go to Hog's Norton and raise a regiment of wild-cats to assist in subduing the Plantations. With this encouragement, Daw waddled off home, without ever getting a sight of Uncle Sam.

On his way back, he stopped at Tammany, to see Slam Bang, the Irish loafer. This fellow lived at the butt-end of the town, and commonly had a troop of tatterdemalions at his elbow; such as Crackskull, Fog-brain, Red-nightcap, Slubberdegullion, Bobtail-vinegar, Cut-and-run, Slouch, Caterpillar, Tin-shins, Copper-breeches, Draggletail, Dough-pate, Paddy-whack and Old Scratch. These fellows got Daw into a beer cellar, treated him with gin and brimstone, and laid a plot to rob the Plantations. They gave Daw a pewter ninepence and a brimstone match apiece; and agreed that, while Daw and his gang set fire to the haymow, these ragamuffins should take advantage of the confusion to climb over the fence and steal the apples. They told him to mind nothing of what Uncle Sam had said about sending his big dog Bessie, for they were able to raise five and forty bobtail curs, who would be a match for him. Slam Bang, who was a pig-killer, then produced a bloody caseknife which he had used to stick pigs, and told Daw it was a famous sword that had been in the wars. Mounting on the table, he made a speech full of the richest brogue, and presented it to the mighty Daw, telling him to stick it in his breeches pocket, and never to draw it excepting in the cause of the country, or to cut cheese.

Daw having replied, in a suitable manner, to this elegant harangue, took his journey home, having begged a bottle of gin in addition, to keep him in spirits. He had heard, to his great alarm, that in his absence,

King Sam had sent the constable out with a long pole, and that he had knocked down several of his crew, and given them bloody noses and battered pates. Daw was a man of most stupendous courage, but he was always of opinion that fighting was done best at a distance. Like Panurge, he was afraid of nothing but danger. He never looked at his bloody caseknife without trembling,—doubtless at the extreme valor which the sight of it inspired. He took several pulls at the gin bottle, and found himself growing braver and braver every moment.





## CHAPTER. VI.

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How Daw made his triumphal entry into the Plantations. How he made a speech at the town pump. How he went to Tony Lumpkin's and published a proclamation. How King Sam got Old Towzer ready, and made preparations to give Daw a good thrashing, and how Daw showed more signs of his astounding courage.

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When Daw got back to the Plantations, he found a great crowd of fellows assembled to greet him. His gang had mustered strong, and had sent off to Ballyhack and Gillkicker and such places to pick up all the tag-rag and bobtail fellows they could find. These tatterdemalions came marching out shouldering broom-sticks, mop-handles, corn-stalks and such like weapons. Smutface was commander-in-chief, and Bubble and Squeak made the music by beating the rogue's march with mutton bones on an old tin pot. The uniform of this ragged regiment was in so deplorable a condition that they were obliged to hold up their galligaskins with one hand while they shouldered their broom-sticks with the other. The dogs barked at them as they shambling along the street. As soon as they met Daw, they set up a halliballoo that might have been heard a mile off, and then told him they had come to escort him in triumph into town. Doddlechops acted as

spokesman. He got on top of a fence and made a speech to Daw, telling him he had performed an exploit which deserved to be ranked among the greatest ever known, for he had been to Uncle Sam's and back again. Daw told him if they meant all this for a triumphal entry, he would rather ride than walk; so they stole a wheelbarrow and clapped Daw in it. Four stout fellows trundled him along wrong end foremost, and in this manner the illustrious Daw made his triumphal entry into the Plantations. The ragamuffins hurraed all the way down the lane, and the old women flourished their mops at him from the windows as he passed by the houses, which the sagacious Daw took for an honorable salute. When they reached the town pump they told Daw he must make a speech. Accordingly he took a hearty pull at the gin-bottle, got the fellows to lift him upon his legs in the wheelbarrow, and spoke as follows.

"Feller citizens, our sufferins is intolerable. Here we are all as safe as a thief in a mill. This is the biggest day of the year that ever was picked out of the almanac. Up with everlasting freedom and down with the huge paws! Let all the nations of the earth stand still and leap for joy! Abraham begat Isaac. Isaac begat Jacob. Jacob begat Judas, Jeroboam, Shethar-boznai and the father of Zebedee's children. That's gospel, and proves that I was born to be Overseer. As sure as Jonah swallowed the whale, just so sure will I wallop King Sam, pull his hide over his ears, and eat him for breakfast. *Boskos thromuldo boskos par corbo volirorco!* That's latin, and goes to show that eggs is eggs. You did n't know that, you loafers, till I told you. Now prick up your ears and mind what I say, for the devil's in the wind.

Our sufferins is intolerable and I was the chap that found it out. So give three cheers, rush on and go ahead!"

The whole gang then cried, hurrah! and flung up their greasy caps. After which, Daw took another swig at the gin bottle, pulled up his breeches, and went on.

"Feller citizens, our sufferins is intolerable. But I'll fix everything as slick as a whistle. Down with the huge paws, I say. King Sam is a gone goose the moment I shake my stick at him. I'll collywobble the sarpent and send him to kingdom come. The Plantations is ruined and always has been since Magna Charta. Squash vines won't grow straight in this Commonwealth: pigs have n't the strength to squeal: and it's all owin' to King Sam and them 'ere fellers. But there 's one comfort,—they 'll all go to the devil, for I'll send 'em there. So give three cheers again, and get off my heel."

The gang then roared out again louder than ever, but did not fling up their caps, having none to fling this time. Daw then took another pull at the bottle, scratched his head, and continued his palaver.

"Feller citizens, our sufferins is intolerable. But I'll do matters in the twinkling of a bedpost. I'll upset King Sam, won't I? His days are numbered: he's weighed in a copper steelyard and found short weight, but I'm the fifty-six that 'll come down upon him like a thousand of brick. Do n't mind nothin' what nobody says about law. Knock down and drag out:—them's my sentiments. Hurrah! Go ahead! Opossum up a gum tree and pull him down by the tail. King Sam is catawampously chawed up, or I'm a Dutchman. See my sword. (*Here Daw draw the case-knife out of his breeches pocket.*)



That 's the tool shall make mince-meat of him. It 's the very sword that Balaam killed the ass with, and there 's the blood on it now. Besides it 's the sword too that was used by Cæsar and Cannibal when the Trojan Greeks overthrew the Indians of Constantinople. That 's proof positive that King Sam has not an hour and a half to live. I 'll bet a leather button he 's saying his prayers already. But the poor critter is past praying for. I 'm Overseer of these here Plantations and no mistake. So hurrah again. Go ahead, loafers! Stuboy! Bite him!

"Feller citizens. I 'm sorry I ever left the Plantations, for I 've only come home with a tarnation flea in my ear. Uncle Sam would n't let me in and I only pounded my knuckles to pieces, knocking at his door. Hows'ever, Tom o' Bedlam is coming with a legion of wildcats. This ere sword, feller citizen heroes, [*here Daw flourished his case-knife again*] has been dyed in blood or suthin else, and I 'll make King Sam eat a piece of it, if he don't give me up all his plum puddin'. It is n't five-and-forty bobtail curs that 'll come to help us from Tammany, but five hundred and forty. So hurrah! my loafers! Go ahead!"

Daw having finished his speech amid the shouts of the rabble, they trundled him off in the wheelbarrow to Tony Lumpkin's cockloft, where he took up his quarters. Daw then got a piece of charcoal and a shingle, and with the help of Noodle and Doodle, the schoolmasters, wrote down the following words which the next morning were stuck up at the town pump.



**THE PLANTATIONS.** A Proclamation, by Daw the Great, Overseer and Commander-in-Chief of the same.

Feller citizens. Shortly arter we got out of the coal-hole, I went to see Uncle Sam, but he on'y turned up his nose at me. You have already hear'n tell of what he means to do. If Towzer ain't strong enough, he 'll set Bose upon us. Our sufferins is intolerable. If we can 't break into a house whenever we 're a mind, what becomes of the everlastin' principles of no-bottom pails? O trumpery! O Moses! Set a couple of big dogs at us only because

we want to steal apples! But there's choice spirits among our neighbors that says such flummery won't go down with them no how, because as how, to stop independent freemen from robbing a henroost is an invasion of the right of self-government.

As your representative, Feller citizens, I have been received with the greatest kindness at every hole I crept into. The Tammany loafers gin' me good drink to sich a degree that I war' mightily overpowered with their cordialities. It becomes my duty to say, that as soon as Old Bose sets his paws upon these here Plantations, I shall whistle three times, which no doubt will bring five hundred and forty bobtail curs from Tammany.

No further knocking down loafers with a long pole by King Sam's constables will be permitted. Any man shall steal apples without molestation. I hereby direct all persons to hook from one another: and pick-pockets are ordered to hold themselves in readiness for immediate service.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Plantations, at Tony Lumpkin's cockloft, just arter dinner.

His

DAW



THE GREAT.

Mark.



## CHAPTER. VII.

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How the Tammany fellows held a powow. How Rumfustian Puff wrote them a letter. How Daw received a present of a leather gun. How Slam Bang and his assimmortalized themselves. How Daw declared war against every body, and how he marched to attack the tool-house.

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In the meantime we must look back to Tammany and see what the Butt-enders were about. After they had sent away Daw with his case-knife and gin bottle, Slam Bang and Bobtail-vinegar went down into Rag-Fair, Hog Lane and Skunk's Misery, raised all the tatterdemalions they could pick up, and held a grand powow about Daw's affairs. The first thing they did was to knock one another down in a dispute who should lead the powow, but this point was settled by Vanderpluck, who caught Shiver-the-Mizen by the waistband of his breeches and threw him to the top of a pigstye. Shiver-the-Mizen having by this lucky accident attained an elevated situation, bawled out so lustily that the whole gang hurraed and called out to him to go ahead.

Shiver-the-Mizen then began a palaver, saying that Daw only wanted to steal apples, and that King Sam would not let him; such monstrous tyranny, he was certain, would never be put up with by the enlight-



ened freemen of the Plantations. The Tammany folks must feel the deepest sympathy for Daw, who was in danger of having his breeches torn by the dog Towzer, a misfortune which he was ill prepared to sustain. Nay, more, he could hear old Bose barking on the other side of the river and did not doubt he was coming. Now this was monstrous! There was not a farm in the country where apples had not been stolen and hen-roosts robbed. Why was not Bose called in at those times? This was clear proof that Bose had no business ever to bark at thieves. It was the duty, therefore, of the Tammany folks to fling stones at Uncle Sam and make him keep his dog at home.

The powow was also stirred up by Tin-shins, Caterpillar, Bobtail-vinegar, and other worthies of the same stamp, who gabbled all sorts of Irish brogue in denunciation of Uncle Sam and defence of apple stealing. In the midst of the powow a little smutty-faced, ragged urchin crept between the legs of the mob, climbed upon the pigstye, and thrust into the hands of Shiver-the-Mizen a dirty bit of brown paper all crumpled up and smelling villainously of small beer and tobacco. Shiver-the-Mizen unfolded the precious document and found it to be a letter from Rumpfustian Puff, the Indian farce actor, which he immediately read to the assembly. It was in the following terms.

“SIR;—I have the honor to acknowledge an invitation by the sweet mouth of Paddy O’ Splutter, to attend your powow at the pigstye, about Old Bose and the Unfortunate Daw. I am sorry to say I can’t come, for I am all daubed over with soot and red ochre, for the Indian farce, and if I do not appear to-night, I shall lose my sixpence, and be pelted with



rotten eggs the next time I show myself before a dozen tallow candles. Under other circumstances, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to sympathize—I believe that is the word—with the heroic Daw and his apple-stealers.

“In the second and third chapters of Master Doo-little’s Spelling-Book is the following declaration. ‘Apples are nice fruit, and may be eaten when they are ripe.’ And yet for all this, a large lot of honest fellers in the Plantations are threatened with having old Bose set upon them, because they merely dare for to go for to say as how they ’ll steal the apples in spite of law. I hope the powow will stop Uncle Sam’s howdacious howdacity.

RUMFUSTIAN PUFF.”

Shiver-the-mizen having read this letter amid the hurrahs of the mob, went on to speak in commendation of it, and said that Indian farce actors were the best judges of law and politics in the world. A good farce was an excellent thing, and there was no sort of difference between a good farce and the no-bottom pail principles of government. Therefore it was clear as preaching that Rumpfustian Puff was a great statesman. This opinion of course, had the hearty concurrence of the whole powow, and they hurraed again and sent up cries of “Go ahead! Throw him over!” with other choice and characteristic bits of oratory. Bobtail-vinegar then proposed a Resolution to the following purport;—That whereas the courageous and heroic Daw, although armed with Slam Bang’s case-knife and a gin bottle, might not possibly succeed in driving King Sam out of his house, therefore it was expedient that the Tammany powow should provide some further means to give his heavy corporation a shove. This resolution was

adopted, and they fell to discussing the best method of helping Daw onward. One fellow proposed to give him a wooden horse, another a cornstalk blunderbuss, another a penny trumpet, another a pair of tin shins to keep Towzer from biting his fat legs. At last they agreed upon a leather gun; and it was voted that every man present should contribute his old shoe and his apron, to make a leather gun for the valorous Daw to batter down King Sam's wooden walls.

Shiver-the-mizen immediately plucked off his right shoe and declared in a paroxysm of patriotism, that he was ready to hop home on his left foot, and sleep all night with but one shoe, for the benefit of the good cause. Vanderpluck pulled off his apron and made a like sacrifice, borrowing a rag from Slubberdegullion to supply a small deficiency in his dress which the loss of his apron occasioned. The rest followed these examples, and flung their old shoes and tattered aprons at Vanderpluck, who officiated as leather collector. A big heap of material having been produced, they went to work with the assistance of four and twenty cobblers with waxed ends, and sewed together a nice leather six-pounder, carving with a jack-knife on the breech, the figure of a goose and gridiron, with the inscription "*Nothing like Leather.*"

Slam Bang then volunteered to conduct this terrible engine of war to the Plantations, and deliver it into the hands of the illustrious Daw; his proposal was accepted, and he was furnished with a draft on Daw's New Fog Bank to pay expenses. Slam Bang then got a jackass, tackled himself into a wheelbarrow with the piece of artillery, took hold of Donkey's tail and cried "Get up Jack!" Donkey knew his

brother's voice, and answered with a loud bray and set off. In this manner the ass and Slam Bang trudged on through Pyquag, Patchog and Long Twisted Bogger, till they got to the Plantations. The whole band of loafers turned out, with Daw at their head, to meet them. Donkey and Slam Bang received the thanks of the whole assembly for the able and faithful manner in which they had acquitted themselves of their task; and Daw promised them that this exploit should be engraved at the bottom of a pewter soap-dish, as a lasting memorial to the world how handsomely long-eared animals can pull together. The said soap-dish to be used in the barber's shop that every one might think of Slam Bang when he was half shaved.

Daw having got his leather gun, felt himself sure of the victory. He marched off with it to Tony Lumpkin's cockloft; ordered his loafers to assemble with their broomsticks and brick-bats, for now they were going to have bloody work. Daw then called for another shingle, and drew up a declaration of war against King Sam, Uncle Sam, Towzer and Bose, confiscating their goods and chattels for the benefit of his treasury, which at this time contained three Bungtown coppers and a pewter ninepence.

The loafers turned out in full force, every one with a broomstick over his shoulder, a brickbat in his pocket, and a bottle of gin slung at his side. Smut-face was Lieutenant General. Tony Lumpkin was Quarter Master; Turkey-buzzard was Adjutant General; Rotten-potato was Pay Master; Bat's-eyes was Scout; Nosebag carried the flag, and Lazybones brought up the rear. Having organized his forces, Daw mounted on top of a hog'shead, made a thunder and lightning speech, told them to take a good swig



of liquor all round, and give three cheers. They all cried out "Hurrah! Daw forever! Up with bottomless pails and down with huge paws! Rush on! Go ahead! Every man for himself and Beelzebub for us all!" Thy swore they would follow the valorous Daw, run, walk, slouch, or waddle, to the world's end, and jump off too, as long as he led them.

"Now," says Daw, "my brave heroes, full of liberty and liquor, there 's nothing but what we can do. Hurrah my loafers! For'ard march! There 's King Sam's house, and we 'll have it. Tear down the fence! Burst open the door! Break the windows! Rush into the parlor! Plunder the kitchen! Rob the hen-roost and set fire to the hay-mow! I 'll stay here and see that you do it right, for that 's the way of all great generals, and that 's what they call leading an army to battle." The fellows began to stare at this, and looked in one another's faces, saying they did n't exactly understand it. "Daw," said Smutface, "are you afeard." "Not a bit," said Daw, "but I 'd rather commit the honor of the first victory to you. Rush on! Glory, my boy! Nothing like glory!" "It 's no go," said Smutface; "glory don't come it over us, no way you can fix it. If you 're afeard to march, hand us over that ere cocked hat, and I 'll be Cap'n General."

"Smutty," says Daw, "you know I'm a man of courage. Have n't I told you so a hundred times? Did you ever know a man that dared talk of courage and blood and victory and glory, and all that sort o' thing so much as I do?" "Daw," replied Smutface, "I do n't know nothin' about that 'ere, so now stir your stumps."

Daw finding his scheme of tactics would not work, began to turn a little palish, which could not have

been the result of fear ; for though Daw had heard of such a thing, he only knew it by name, as he always affirmed. His countenance, doubtless, was only "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." When a commander finds that he must march at the head of a desperate enterprise, instead of lagging in the rear, it is very apt to set him a thinking. "Bless my heart!" said Daw, suddenly recollecting himself, and looking round upon his army, "you have n't got your tools. These broomsticks will never do to break open the house. We must first take the tool-house, where we shall find plenty of shovels and spades, hoes, pick-axes, rakes, pitchforks and all that ; just the things for us. Then we'll march for'ard and break into the house." "Done!" cried the whole gang. "Go ahead! and let us attack the tool-house!" "I rather guess," said Daw, "we shall want Big Tom, the field-piece, to do that business. Artillerymen! Shoulder arms! Right wheel! Draw sword! Charge bayonet! Dress to the right! Seize drag-ropes! Right about face! Common time, for'ard march!" With these orders, Daw put himself at the head of his army with the leather gun, and marched onward at a very slow pace about a stone's throw, when this gallant commander again gave the word "Halt!"



## CHAPTER VIII.

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How Daw got a fog to help him. How he summoned the Colonel to surrender. How he came very near firing his leather gun. How the deities of Olympus interfered in this grand crisis. How he marched back again, and how he made a sudden and unexpected movement into "retiracy."

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"**METHINKS**," said Daw, looking towards the tool house and spying something like a man and a dog in the doorway, "we've taken a wrong time for the attack." "What ails the time?" said Smutface. "It's a confounded ugly clear day," said Daw:—"very bad to make attacks in. I wish there was a fog, so that nobody could see us, and then we'd march gloriously to battle. That's the way of all great commanders; they always wait for a fog before they attack the enemy." "Do they?" said Nosebag. "No doubt on't," said Daw. "We'd better take suthin' to drink; perhaps there 'll be a fog before long." Daw's ragamuffins, although they were eager to get at their plunder, yet could not resist this invitation to take another pull at the bottle. Their valiant commander, in the meanwhile, kept looking anxiously back toward his quarters,—not at all, as we may be certain, with any wish that he was safe back again, but doubtless contemplating with feelings of lofty exultation, the immense distance



which he had already marched into the enemy's county. They halted and swigged away at their bottles, till Daw said it was long enough; and he was just giving the word, "right about face! Bock agen!" when the whole band set up a shout "There's a fog coming!" And sure enough, the wind had chopped round to the East, bringing with it a most beautiful fog, which seemed to have been made on purpose for great conquerors of the genus Daw, to aid them with its brilliancy, and light them on to glory.

Daw was observed to turn uncommonly white; which we dare say was occasioned by a very thick patch of fog settling on his face. Envious fate could no longer oppose an obstacle in his way, and the path to glory was open. Daw could not speak for several minutes, such was the crowd of glorious and animating sensations that overpowered him. In fact, his mind was so elevated above the rules of discipline that he forgot entirely to give the word of command to march forward, but finding the fellows treading on his heels, he valiantly pushed on.

King Sam, in the meantime, was not idle. Peeping Tom had brought him an exact account of all Daw's proceedings, and he saw that there would probably be a row. He got everything ready; locked the door and gate, shut the window-blinds and gave Towzer a good beef-bone to strengthen his stomach. Thinking it likely that the first attempt would be made upon the tool-house, he told the Colonel to take his good oaken cudgel and Towzer with him, and plant himself in the door way of the tool house, and if Daw attempted to enter, to set Towzer upon him without any ifs or ands or pslaver of any sort whatever. "I've put up with the rogue's impu-

dence long enough," says he, "There's nothing will do for him now but a word and a blow. Bite him! Towzer, bite him! Pull his ragged breeches off his hide, and peg away at his corporation till he squeals again!"

Towzer grinned and wagged his tail, showing he knew perfectly well what he had to do, and that he would give a good account of the caitiff. The Colonel marched off with him and stood in the door of the tool-house. Towzer squatted down, snuffed the air, and kept his tail wagging. "Towzer," said the Colonel, patting him on the back. "I see you long for the sport; we'll make the loon scamper! But squat close and don't spring at him till you can nab the ragamuffin at a single jump!" "Bow wow!" replied Towzer—as much as to say "Leave that to me!"

The valorous and unterrified Daw continued to advance, or rather his tatterdemalions continued to push him on, till he came in sight of the tool-house through the fog. That intrepid commander immediately came again to a halt. "Now," said Daw, trembling all over with valor, "the first thing we'll do,—we'll summon 'em to surrender at discretion, in order to spare the effusion of blood. I was always called a merciful man. Order up Lazybones from the rear-guard." Lazybones having been brought forward after some delay, Daw sent him forward with a flag of truce, ordering the Colonel to surrender the tool-house straightway, under peril of being battered by a leathern gun; to which summons the Colonel only replied that he'd see him d——d first.

Daw was a man of most astonishing presence of mind yet this unexpected reply caused him no little agitation. He stood a quarter of an hour in a

desperate conflict with his mighty soul, debating what he should do in this critical emergency. At length he broke silence. "I believe" says he, "we must fire at 'em, or let 'em alone." "Yes," replied Sinut-face, "we 'd better fire."

Daw found he must do the bloody business at last, and called for the powder-horn. "I think," said he, "we 'd better try a small cartridge at first, for fear of over-shooting the mark." So saying he charged his artillery with half an ounce of powder, swearing he would blow the tool-house with Towser and the Colonel into ten thousand atoms like the peelings of onions. "Now for a good heavy shot," said he putting in a rotten potato,—three chestnut burs and a couple of dead horn bugs, "that 'll blow their day-lights out. "Make ready! stand by with the match-rope!" As he uttered these words the valiant chieftain snatched up a pitchfork to the end of which the match had been tied, and thrust it into the hand of the intrepid Lazybones; then grasping the redoubtable Turkey-buzzard by the waistband of his breeches, he pushed him against Lazybones and, bravely ensconcing himself behind both these heroes called out to fire!

But at this critical moment I must transport the reader from this lower earth to the council of the gods above, where the destinies of the immortal Daw had been hanging in Jove's golden balances with so nice an equipoise that no mortal, looking through a pair of earthly spectacles, could have conjectured into which limbo of the great gulph of bathos his fame was about to be tumbled head foremost.

Jove called a council of the celestial deities,—not on Olympus,—not on Ida, but on Gallows Hill which rears its classical head over the turbid waters of Crooked Eel River, Long had the doings of





Quiz del

Dawg heroic attack

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the illustrious Daw been contemplated through the trap door of the skies by the sire of gods and men. Such deeds had ne'er before engaged the attention of the celestial conclave. The fate of Troy town was not debated on Ida's summit with half the animosity and sharp logic that now inspired Juno, Minerva, Mars, Vulcan, Mercury and Venus in the discussion of the important subject of Daw and his leather gun. Since the event related by the immortal Camoens, when all Olympus went by the ears on the question whether Vasco de Gama should weather the Cape and bring home a bag of nutmegs, Jupiter's court had not been thrown into such a hurly-burly as this, which arose on the point whether Daw should fire and run, or run without firing. Jove at length put the question and found it a tie. He decided it by a casting vote, and sent orders by Mercury to stop the firing.

The god of thieves clapped on his feathered moccasins, and shot in the disguise of a hen-hawk, from Gallow's Hill through the vasty depths of air, into the kitchen of Polly Smallfry, where he snatched a dishclout from her hand as she was scouring the dripping-pan. This dread instrument of fate he bore straightway to the scene of action, and doused it in the face of the immortal Daw, at the moment the bloodthirsty Lazybones was bungling with his match about the touch-hole. To mortal eyes this discharge of the dishclout might have appeared to come from the hand of Peeping Tom, but the gods knew better. Daw, surprised, astonished, amazed and confounded, as a great man might well be on getting a dishclout in his chops,—was the next moment seized with a fit of inspiration which no doubt proceeded from the same celestial source that sent him the watery salute. He had an in-

stantaneous perception of the purpose for which it was designed. He tucked the dishclout into his sleeve unseen by any mortal, and, standing upright, called out to Lazybones that the cannon wanted priming. "Somebody prime it then," said that valiant cannoneer. Daw immediately snatched up the powderhorn, advanced to the formidable field-piece, and dropped into the touch-hole three grains of powder and a pint of water from the dishclout in his sleeve. "Now fire away my hearties!" said Daw, in a tone of courage and resolution which astonished everybody. In vain was the match applied. The decree of the gods, destiny and dishwater had prevailed: Daw's leather gun never went off.

At this moment Towzer began to bark. "It's no use trying to shoot through a fog," said Daw; "cannon balls will never go straight. Right about face, back'erd march!" With these words Daw began to ply his legs homeward much faster than he marched to the attack. His army followed him, for the barking of Towzer had increased to such a degree that they began to think more of their own safety than of capturing the tool-house. They reached their quarters at Tony Lumpkin's in a third part of the time it had cost them to march away. "Now," said Daw, "let's take a swig and then go to sleep: we've had glory enough for one day. We've marched against the enemy and got back again without the loss of a man. I'll warrant King Sam is frightened out of his wits and begging for mercy. Ah the serpent! how I'll wallop him when I wake up!"

But at the next moment a loud barking was heard, and Nosebag, looking out of the cockloft, cried out, "Whut-a-dickens!—what!—If here a n't King Sam, with the constable and Towzer, walking right up to our door like honored friends!" Daw started up



in an instant, as pale as ashes and trembling from head from head to foot with excess of valcr. "W-h-a-t, w-h-a-t!" said he, in a voice of quavering calmness. "King Sam is coming!" said Nosebag. "Hold me back!" cried Daw—"hold me back, or I shall kill him!" "I rayther think," said Smutface, "you want holdin' for'ard." "No, no," said Daw, taking ground rapidly in the rear. "I despise the feller, and won't do him the honor to speak to him. I—I—think I'll go into *retiray* for a few minutes." At these words a loud rap at the door gave the valiant and magnanimous Daw such a start that he leaped out of the window by a single step, lighted in the pigstye, scrambled out of the pigstye into the cow-yard, out of the cow-yard into the horsepond, and out of the horsepond into the street. The powers above aided his flight by adding supernatural swiftness to his legs, and banishing all thoughts of gunpowder and glory from his brains, to supply their place with aspirations for a rat-hole, or some other snug place of retreat. Now was the illustrious Daw seen in all his glory, valiantly and magnanimously avoiding an enemy whom he was sure of killing. A voice called upon him to stop, but he never looked behind, as he knew it could not be meant for him; only he quickened his pace, cast away his caseknife and gin-bottle to aid him in his flight, and scampered down the street as if he wore seven league boots.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried "There goes Daw,"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went his cocked hat into the gutter, and was

snapped up and carried off by a pair of puppy dogs. Daw was above caring for such a trifle and ran faster than ever. The curs bit at his heels, the pigs ran between his legs, but Daw regarded them with a look of ineffable disdain, and did not condescend even to kick them. The old women tossed their dishcloths at him out of the windows, the little urchins in the streets chucked rotten apples after him, but the heroic and swift-footed Daw, disregarding constables, curs, pigs, old women and urchins, ran down the street, turned the corner and was seen no more! Such was the issue of the stupendous exploit of Daw in the Plantations. It may be related with as much brevity as that of Julius Cæsar. He came—he saw—he scampered.



## CHAPTER IX.

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How the fellows at the Bay held a powow. How Goosecap shot his granny. How Daw ran faster than the constable. How the fellows at Witch's Hill sent forty broomsticks to the Plantations. How Daw got to Skunk's Misery and wrote a Bulletin. Conclusion of the History.

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BEFORE we relate the last of Daw's doings, we will step down to the Bay and see what the admirers of this great hero were about there. The Bay folks in general, laughed at Daw's fudge and hectoring; they knew such fellows too well. But they had among them a pack of noodles who had no more sense than to believe Daw was a mighty champion, and that the no-bottom pail ragamuffins would get to be masters of the Plantations. As soon as they heard the story of Daw's getting the leather gun from the Tammany gang, they took it into their heads that they too must follow suit and immortalize themselves in the leather gun way. So they went about bawling, "No-bottomites to the rescue! Good people, bring a rescue or two!" By crying out in this manner they got a pack of tag, rag and bobtail chaps together one fine evening, and held a powow of their own in front of the old wigwam. There was Slumpunkin, Rantipole, Mallet-head, Goosecap, Quality-binding, Spooney, Piddlecat, Split-shingle, and nobody knows or cares to know who else.



Goliath Slumpunkin was chief of the powow. This fellow had got a kick on the shins some time before, in a squabble with Bull, of which he was eternally bragging. Uncle Sam paid him for it by setting him over the potato-field and allowing him to carry off his pockets full. Yet he had no more manners than to get up top of an old saw-horse at the powow, and call Uncle Sam all sorts of names. Slumpunkin who did not know B from a bull's foot, got Piddlecat to write a speech for him, and then a boy to learn it. When Slumpunkin mounted the saw-horse to speak, this urchin got behind him and whispered the speech into his ear through a cow's horn. Slumpunkin repeated it after him just as if it had been his own composition: You may guess what comical work he made with the English of it, and how he knocked the hard words out of joint. It was fun to hear his solemn rigmarole, and how he swore that if Uncle Sam sent old Bose to the Plantations, he would raise a thousand puppy-dogs of his own, and come down upon the back of him. Slumpunkin, whose death would have been a march of three-score yards, got handsomely laughed at for this stuff, and the next day Uncle Sam kicked him out of the potato-field.

A Plenty more of such trash was gabbled by others of this precious gang, such as Mallet-head, Rantipole, Spit-shingle, &c. But the crowning glory of the farce was enacted by Goosecap the quilldriver.

This Goosecap had been one of Uncle Sam's cow-boys, and had four coppers a week, according to the *customs*, for milking the cows. Goosecap knew no more about milking cows than a he-goat; but some how or other, he got smuggled into the kitchen during the time Betty Martin was chief cook. Instead

of milking the cows himself, he hired another boy to do it for him by giving him a choke-pear now and then. As for Goosecap he pocketed his four coppers, and did nothing all day long but lollop about at his ease, sucking down the curds and cream, bonny-clapper and cheesecakes, or playing at pitchpole among the clover.

Goosecap mounting upon the saw-horse, prated away like a tinker about the mighty Daw, the illustrious Daw, the valiant Daw and his band of heroes, the no-bottom pailites. He swore the Plantations would never be fit to live in till they were turned topsyturvey and settled again on no-bottom principles. The old lease had ruined the country, so that it was nothing, and always had been nothing, more than a barren beggarly, shabby, paltry, starving, good-for-nothing place, where the corn could not sprout without groaning, and no man had a voice stronger than the squeak of a sucking dove. The geese did not know the way to pasture, the calves had not strength enough to cry "baa." Not a carrot or pumpkin could be raised on the land. The pig's tails would n't grow, and it was enough to make a man's heart bleed to see the poor creatures running about, trying to squeal for want of a tail. Rot the Plantations:—he would n't keep his old cat there!

But now see what awkward scrapes a man may get into, who forgets at night what he says in the morning. For so it happened that the very day of this powowing speech, Goosecap had published his new spelling-book containing Brother Jonathan's Chronicles, in which he had given an account of the Plantations as much like the above as a crow is like a white swan. Most unluckily for Goosecap, Peter Sly-boots happened to be present with the spelling-book in his pocket; and no sooner had Goosecap got

through with his rigmarole, than Peter pulled out the book, got upon a post, and read aloud the following passage signed with Goosecap's own name the day before.

"The Plantations grew with a forty horse power under Charley's lease, and soon got to be as fat as Lubberland, where you may earn half a dollar a day by sleeping. There is not at this day, so topping a generation either of men, cattle, or cornstalks, on the face of the earth. The sheep are so fat that their tails are trundled behind them in go-carts. The calves roar like so many catamounts. The geese can do any thing but talk Latin; and the men have such uproarious voices, that a ten-year-old boy will swear the legs off an iron pot. *Nowhere under the light of the living sun, do carrots, pumpkins and pig's tail grow so fast as in the Plantations.*"

You would have given a good sixpence to have heard the roars of laughter, and to have seen poor Goosecap at that moment. His face glowed like a pumpkin lantern; his tongue stuck in his throat like the stopper of a cross-bow; he rolled up the whites of his eyes like a duck in a thunder storm, and he was unable to utter a syllable. The next minute he made a bolt from the saw-horse and ran to a knot-hole in the fence hard by, into which he made a desperate attempt to creep. But not succeeding, in consequence of having sucked too much of Uncle Sam's curds and cream, he sneaked off home, hanging his head all the way, while everybody was bursting with laughter. When he got home, he crept into the ash-hole and lay there a whole week, not daring to show his face, and pretending he had a fit of the mulligrubs. In fact, he has not been seen out of doors since, and for aught I know he may be in the ash-



hole yet. At any rate he'll make no more powow speeches, I've a notion.

The powow fellows were terribly mortified at the disaster of the unlucky Goosecap; however, they swore Daw should have another leather gun if all the goosecaps in the Bay got plucked. But just as they were pulling off their shoes and picking them to pieces, and calling for blanks, paper and twine to patch up the gun, along came Turkey-buzzard from the Plantations and told them Daw had run away. They would not believe it; but when he showed them Daw's gin-bottle which he had picked up on the road, there was no longer any doubt of the fact. Mallet-head knew the bottle as well as if he had been born and bred inside of it. "Daw's done for," said he, "that pocket-pistol is the last thing he'd ever throw away." This was a death blow to the powow. Every fellow scrambled up what he could get of his old shoes, and prepared to scamper. But Mallet-head proposed, as a last act of sympathy for the sufferings of the unfortunate Daw, that a Committee of Mourning be appointed, to wear drab hats for a whole week, in testimony of their respect and veneration for the undaunted courage and swift legs of the last champion of no-bottom-pail-ism, and of the deep regret of his Bay State admirers, that those shining qualities should so soon have been lost to the world. The committee was accordingly appointed and allowed by a special vote the privilege of paying for their own hats. After this, the powow scattered like a flock of wild ducks at a shot.

King Sam finding that Daw had bolted out of the window, told the constable to take his long pole and run after him. The constable accordingly ran down the street, and called out "Here, Daw! Daw! Daw!

come back and fire your leather gun! Here Daw! brave Daw! mighty Daw! come back and show us that bloody case-knife that was to do such wonders! Here Daw! Daw! Daw! come back, and I'll lend you a needle and thread—you can't think how you've burst your regimental-small-clothes by running so fast! Here Daw! Daw! Daw! come back and say good-by to your friends of the Spartan band! Here Daw! Daw! Daw! come back and tell us the news from the Isle of Shoals and Constantinople and the infernal regions! Here Daw! sweet Daw! gentle Daw! come back! come back! come back! Home! sweet home!—nothing like home! come back, Daw! come back!" Notwithstanding all these pressing invitations, however, the valiant Daw continued his light without even looking behind him, and at the turning of a corner, got fairly out of sight of his pursuers by jumping into a ditch. Here he found a mud-lark's nest just big enough to hold him, and crept into it, keeping his nose above the mud for air. In this manner he lay concealed till midnight, when he crept out, and finding the coast was clear, ran as fast as he could till he was out of the Plantations.

Daw having thus got out of the territory, King Sam went to work, took away all the broomsticks and brick-bats from Daw's crew, and Slam Bang's leather gun, and locked them up in the tool-house. Then he went to the coal hole and had it smoked out clean, for you may guess, the air could have been none of the sweetest after Daw and his tatterdemalions had been there. Then he gave Towzer another beef bone and had him nicely combed and rubbed down. Then thinking it a pity he should have cut his big stick for nothing, he sent the town crier about the



Quiz del

Daw in releracy at Skunks Misery.



streets with his bell, offering a reward of a great apple to any one who would catch Daw and bring him back to the Plantations on a wheelbarrow. King Sam then took Daw's bloody case-knife which the constable had picked up in the road, and stuck it up over the pig-stye, where all the boys crowded to see and laugh at it.

The very day after Daw ran off, a fellow mounted on a jackass trotted into the Plantations dragging a bundle marked "lead pipe." This fellow was from Witch's Hill, just beyond the Bay, and said he had come with a present for "Overseer Daw." You may guess what a laugh they set up at this announcement. They opened his bundle and found it to contain *forty broomsticks* for Daw's ragamuffins! "Ha! ha!" said King Sam, with a comical grin at the sight of these weapons. "I rather think these worshippers have got into the wrong pew. But never mind, they'll do for bean poles. Aunt Sally, take our honest friend Mr. Wizard into the kitchen, give him a nice salt eel for his supper, and send him back on his jackass to Witch's Hill. "I've a notion our friends that way will remember lead pipe and the forty broomsticks the next time they send munitions of war by a jackass!"

It is time, however, to bring this great history to a close. Daw continued to skulk from one ditch and mud-lark's nest to another, keeping out of sight of everybody, till he got to Skunk's Misery, where he considered himself safe. Here he discontinued his flight and crept into a venerable old mansion known by the name of *the Rat Hole*, where he took up his abode in solitary grandeur and undisturbed "retiracy." In this glorious and dignified retreat, the illustrious Daw employed his philosophic leisure

in blessing the speed of his legs, catching rats, and composing the following Bulletin.

**BULLETIN** of the Doings of **Daw** the Great, Governor, Conqueror and Captain General of the Plantations. To all the Nations and Kingdoms of the earth—Greeting.

Whereas Julius Cæsar, Frederick the Great and Napoleon have given the world an account of their great deeds, I also have judged fit to tread in the footsteps of these, my illustrious predecessors, and inform mankind how I, **Daw** the Great, came very near revolutionizing the Plantations.

When I got back from Uncle Sam's, I gave orders that my heroes should not be not be knocked down by the constable with his long pole. But to my great astonishment he kept knocking, right and left, without caring twopence for my order. I saw that it would not be long before a rap would fall upon my pate, and began to consider whether I should strike and run away, or run first and strike afterwards. The reception of the leather gun determined me upon hostilities. I marched out to attack the tool-house through the fog, but, unfortunately, the cannon was not made for shooting round a corner, and when we attempted to fire, it was either plugged, or a mosquito had crawled into the touch-hole. Considerations of policy then induced me to make a retrograde movement, and when I got back to the cockloft, Tony Lumpkin gave me a hint that my company was not particularly agreeable. Taking this in connexion with the impertinent reply I received from the Colonel, when I summoned him to surrender the tool-house, I began to think that no great General was ever treated so uncivilly before.

But this was cakes and gingerbread to what followed. King Sam immediately bolted in at the front door, without so much as saying "By your leave, gentle Daw!" I made a hop, skip and jump out the window, being pretty certain that either I should whip *him* or that he would whip *me*. His constable had the impudence to run after me for half a mile, but I despised the fellow too much to stop and speak to him. To cut a long story short, I made tracks, and here I am comfortably lodged in the rat-hole at Skunk's Misery, far enough out of the reach of King Sam's big stick. Let him put that in his pipe and smoke it!

After the arduous duties which it has been my distinguished lot to perform, in the late severe contest, I judge it necessary to favor myself with a season of repose. I feel, therefore, under the necessity of stating explicitly that no solicitations can prevail upon me, at present, to quit the shades of private life at Skunk's Misery, and return to the Plantations to resume the cares of government. It is, therefore, my will and pleasure that King Sam continue to exercise the functions of Viceroy and Deputy Overseer of the Plantations under my authority, and I may add that I shall feel particularly obliged to him if he will not send his constable after me. In the meantime I shall continue to be "at home" in my retirement at Skunk's Misery, ready to entertain all visitors of respectable standing. A good-natured goose and a neighborly donkey have already called to pay me their respects. Any friends who have cold victuals or old clothes to spare, will be specially welcome. The smallest favors thankfully received.

People think I have run away, but it is a great mistake. It is true that I am away, and it is not to



be denied that I ran, but we military men call this "advancing backward." When Towzer is dead, and the broomsticks are all broken, I shall go back to the Plantations and take possession. In the meantime, I persist in affirming that no-bottomed pails are the only things fit to hold water, and on this foundation I take my stand and sit down forever.

Given under my hand and no seal at all, in the Rat Hole at Skunk's Misery, after a long fast.

His

DAW



THE GREAT.

Mark.

With this recital we must close the first volume of DAW'S DOINGS. Whether that great hero is to astonish the world with another campaign, will depend pretty much on the lunar influences: but we can say nothing with certainty, at present, as we have forgotten the day on which the moon changes. Fate may spin out the thread of his glorious career into a rope, and hoist him into a much more *elevated* situation than he occupies at present. But all must allow that Daw's exploits have already been sufficient to cover him with imperishable renown.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

